THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CATHOLIC ABSTAINERS.

Great Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois Held at Streator.

Resolutions and Reports Adopted—A Full List of the Committees and Delegates.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois held its twenty-fourth annual convention at Streator, Ill., on Sunday week, and was by far the largest and most representative gathering the Union has ever held. Streator never saw such a concourse of temperance workers as thronged her streets. Peoria, Springfield and Galesburg sent large delegations. Chicago, true to her usual custom, sent two special trains laden with delegates and friends of the cause. They were met at the depot in Streator by the local societies, and forming in line under Marshal Keating, marched to the Church of the Immaculate Conception for divine service, and then to the hall where the convention was held.

The convention was called to order at 11 o'clock a. m. by Second Vice-President James Ford, of Ottawa, in the absence of the President, Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, who is at present in the holy land. The proceedings opened with prayer. The chairman then appointed the following committees:

On Credentials—Michael Kenny, P. T. Murray, Ed Keilly, M. J. Dogherty, Jas. Goodsell, Mis Julia Ryan.

On Resolutions—Judge Walter J. Gibbons, Benjamin Dougherty, Wm. Quinlan, John R. Whalen, P. J. Keating, Miss Annie Sullivan.

On Constitutional Amendments—Jeremiah Murphy, Miss Agnes Thompson, William F. Stanton, John F. Cunneen, Miss Maggie Reid, P. J. Kennedy.

On Auditing—T. J. Ryan, J. J. Connery, A. J. Bookmeyer, J. Herely, Mrs. Jennie Clancy.

On motion, the convention adjourned for dinner.

The delegates reassembled at 2:30 p. m. The chairman then introduced the Rev. H. A. O'Kelly, who, in an eloquent and forcible manner, tendered to the delegates and friends of the temperance cause an address of welcome to Streator. The reverend speaker was greeted with applause.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with, being embodied in the constitution and by-laws of the State Union. On motion of William F. Stanton, of Galesburg, the following Committee on Grievance was appointed by the chairman: William F. Stanton, Alex Cairns, P. J. Kennedy, P. J. Doyle, Frank Grace.

The Committee on Credentials submitted their report as follows: Mr. Chairman, the societies constituting the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois are represented by their accredited delegates as follows: Annunciation, Chicago, John F. Cunneen, P. F. Murray, Thomas F. Kane, E. J. Reilly. Annunciation Cadets, Frank Grace, James Corbett, George Breslaud. Young Men, Chicago, Judge Walter J. Gibbons, Wm. Hersly, John Carroll. St. Rose, Chicago, Mrs. William Herely, Mrs. M. Carroll, Miss M. Murphy, wtih Rev. James M. Scanlan, Spiritual Director. Holy Family, William Quinlan, Alexander Cairns, Thomas J. Ryan. Holy Family Cadets, John Howard, John Derrig, John J. Ryan. St. Monica Ladies' Society for the suppression of intemperance, Mrs. Jennie Clancy, Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, Mrs. Nellie Butterfield, Miss Agnes Thompson. St. Columbkille, Thomas Nash, Thomas Rea, William Hunt. St. Malachy, James Breslane. Our Lady of Sorrows, John Hart, John C. McAuliffe, Miss Katie Meade. Miss Lena Hanson, Mrs. Gross. Isabella, Miss Elizabeth Consor, Miss W. Lawlor, Miss M. Gilmore. Father Mathew, Chicago, Michael Kenny, P. J. Kennedy, John Shannon. Father Mathew Drum Corps, John Hackett, Ed Dempsey, J. J. Barry. Patriotic Sons of Father Mathew, John Wilson, P. J. Doyle, John Tighe. Father Mathew, Peoria, John R. Whalen, Jeremiah Murphy. Knights of Father Mathew, Peoria, W. J. Kennedy, James L. Slattery, A. J. Bookmeyer. Knights of Father Mathew, Springfield, James Fitzpatrick, James Marrin. Immaculate Conception, Springfield, Peter Meyer, P. H. Donnelly, T. J. Carberry. Ladies' Auxiliary, Springfield, Mrs. Robert Tobin, Mrs. McLean, Miss Anna Carberry. Father Mathew, Streator, B. F. Keating, P. J. Keating, J. J. Connery. Catholic Ladies, Streator, Miss Maggie Ried, Miss Anna Sullivan, Miss Julia Ryan. Father Mathew, Ottawa, James Goodsell, Benjamin Dougherty, Owen Fox. Father Mathew, Ohio, John Quinn, Thomas Gugerty. St. John's, Cullom, Ed Keilly. St. Joseph's Braidwood, John Vickers. John Hughes, E. P. Linsky. St. Agnes, Braidwood, Miss Mary Linsky, Miss Kate Connor, Miss Nellie Moran. Catholic Young Men, Galesburg, William F. Stanton, M. J. Dougherty, E. F. Tobin. Father Mathew Cadets, Chicago, George Whalen, John O'Neill, John Sheehan.

The Secretary submitted his report, which showed a marked increase in the membership of the Union. Ten new societies having organized and received into the Union.

A communication from the Women's Christian Temperance Union was read, extending to the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois the hand of fellowship in the noble work of reform. The communication was received and the representatives of the W. C. T. U. invited to a seat in the convention.

The Treasurer submitted his report, which showed a total cash balance on hand over all expenses of $149.37. The report was referred to the Auditing Committee.

The committee to whom was referred the grievance of Father Mathew society of Streator, referred it back to the Spiritual Director of the said society, alleging that the Union had no jurisdiction beyond its constitution and by-laws.

The Auditing Committee submitted its report, which showed that the Secretary and Treasurer's books compared and were correct.

O. W. Blaine, State Organizer of the Michigan Good Templars, was introduced by the chairman. He delivered a stirring speech on the temperance question, after which he rendered a very pleasing recitation on "The Drinking House Over the way." The speaker was greeted with hearty applause.

The Committee on Resolutions submitted their report as follows:

WHEREAS, The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, in its twenty-fourth annual convention is assembled, to continue its never-ending struggle against intemperance, and

WHEREAS, We owe it to our brethren, our fellow-citizens and to ourselves to make a declaration of facts, principles and methods of reform; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we look upon intemperance, drink and the drinking customs of society as the fruitful source of more evils to man, to home and the social well being of the citizens of our State than all crime and disease combined.

Resolved, That we express our unlimited confidence in the power of our clergy to advance the cause of total abstinence, and we look to them as the all-important factors in the establishment and preservation of that virtue in the hearts of the Catholic people.

Resolved, That the formation and encouragement of cadet societies should be our chief duties, believing in the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom," hence, by the encouragement of the young more lasting good can be accomplished than by any other means, therefore we urge on societies the imperative duty of forming cadet societies so that all our youths may be trained in the principles of sobriety and morality.

Resolved, That we urge the formation of ladies' total abstinence societies, believing that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world; therefore, we ardently invoke the assistance and co-operation of the ladies in order that the monster vice we are warring against may be checked and overthrown, and the evil and pernicious example of those addicted to it may be removed from our children.

Resolved, That we congratulate our co-laborers in the cause of temperance for the progress made, and bid them God's speed in their work, no matter under what banner they advance the cause.

Resolved, That we extend to Rev. Father O'Kelley our sincere thanks for his kind words and greeting given us, and to the Catholic members of the local societies, the people of Streator and the railroad companies we tender our sincerest thanks for the generous courtesies extended to us, assuring them that their kindness will be long remembered.

The resolutions were adopted.

The Committee on Constitutional Amendments next submitted their report, which was referred to the Board of Government.

The election of officers for the ensuing year, which was very interesting during its progress, resulted as follows: President, James L. Slattery, Peoria; 1st Vice-President, John F. Cunneen, Chicago; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Maggie Ducy, Springfield; Recording Secretary, W. J. O'Connor, Chicago; Financial and Corresponding Secretary, John C. McAuliffe, Chicago; Treasurer, B. T. Keating, Streator.

The election of delegates to the National convention to be held in New York during the early part of August, was vigorously contested. Five nominees entering the race. The delegates elected are Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers and T. J. Ryan, of Chicago, and John R. Whalen, of Peoria. Galesburg was selected as the place to hold the next convention. The convention then adjourned sine die, after an interesting session, at 7:30 p. m., with prayer.

W. J. O'CONNOR, Secretary.

A Chance to Make Money!

It seems strange that people will not improve their opportunities; they all want to get rich, but have not enough enterprise to succeed. I believe any man or woman can clear $10 a day in the Dish Washer business, as it is just booming now; but not one in 500 has push enough to enter the field and reap the harvest. I have been in the business over a year, and have cleared over $20 every day, without canvassing any. I have examined all the Dish Washers, but none equal the Climax. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will tell you how to proceed, and you can do well in city or country, as every family wants a Climax Dish Washer. When we know of opportunities like this, I think it our duty to inform others, as this is a chance for all to make money honestly and easily.

A READER.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

HONORING THE DEAD.

Eloquent and Patriotic Address Delivered by the Rev. Father Scanlan on Decoration Day.

The Brave Men Who Died That the Republic Might Live Appropriately Commemorated.

The following patriotic oration was delivered before the Grand Army Posts, and a large concourse of other citizens, by the Rev. J. M. Scanlan, of the Cathedral parish, in Calvary cemetery on Decoration Day:

VETERANS OF THE GRAND ARMY: I am deeply impressed with the great honor conferred upon me today in being permitted on such a sacred occasion to address men who exposed their lives that the country might live, although I am thoroughly convinced of the truth of the statement of the illustrious Boyle O'Reilly, on a similar occasion, when he said to the veterans, "You are the orators of Decoration Day, no matter who may be the speakers. You and your flowers, and your medals, your empty sleeves, and your decorated graves thrill all hearts into patriotism by your silent and visible eloquence." You are today the idols of a nation. A people proverbial for their love of peace, abandon themselves today to a warlike spirit, and, like the ancient Greeks honoring their fallen heroes, strew flowers in the pathway of the victorious angel of peace. The commerce of the country is today abandoned that the country might be strengthened in the spirit of patriotism, as it was once before abandoned that patriotism might gleam from the sword and proclaim its rights through the telling voice of the rifle and the cannon. Our schools are closed today, but the nation is turned into a vast school where you, veterans, are the teachers and we, the younger generation, are the pupils who eagerly drink at the fount of knowledge which you bring us from the gory past. Your presence here today is an inspiration to the men of today who were mere children when your strength and energy were being exhausted that their rights might be conserved.

We come not here to extol the praises or bedeck the grave of any one hero, but we come to pay a tribute of loving remembrance to all our soldier dead, whether marble shafts proclaim their noble deeds or nameless graves perpetuate their obscurity; and in the magnanimous spirit of true patriotism, while we drop a tear on the grave of a Union soldier, we place a wreath on the grave of our Confederate dead.

Glorious victories were achieved by the Northern armies during the civil war, but greater glory never crowned the victory of a hero, a brighter jewel never shone in the helmet of a conquerer than the magnanimous spirit of Grant, when, after conquering Richmond, he quietly turned away lest he might degrade her by a triumphal entry within her walls, and this should be the spirit that animates us today. You, who fought to save the Union, should devote your remaining energies to conserve and perpetuate it. There should be union in the strictest sense of the term. There should be no North, no South, no embitterments of the past, but one solid, hopeful future for these United States. The spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfishness and the general recognition of individual rights, as well as the equality of all men, is necessary to the continued existence of the nation. Each man is bound to contribute a share of his personal comforts to the common good in return for the protection and the liberty accorded him by the State and the nation.

It was the selfishness of the South that precipitated the fratricidal strife that devastated this nation more than thirty years ago. "Secession for the preservation of State rights" was an excuse for the deprivation of millions of human beings of the rights with which nature and nature's God endowed them; a crime which invoked the justice of God and aroused the indignation of the nation. The South would demand for the State rights which were denied to the individual, from whom the fundamental right of the State springs. And so it became necessary that this nation should have a new baptism of blood to wipe away the stain that was placed on her by slavery, or in the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln: "This nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth." It is painful for me to be forced to acknowledge at the graves of our dead heroes that there are men, and combinations of men, claiming to be American citizens, who would deprive a large proportion of our people of the rights which the constitution accorded them.

Catholics today are banned and proscribed by men who were buying substitutes when Catholics were hurrying in thousands to the front to save their country. Our people were not asked their religion as a qualification for carrying a gun when the nation's peace was disrupted. Nobody then demanded a proclamation of patriotism from the Catholic heroes, Sheridan, Rosecrans, Shields, Meagher, Corcoran, and last, but not least, our own illustrious Mulligan. These men fought side by side with their non-Catholic brethren and displayed a courage and a heroism that challenged the admiration of even the enemy. These men were always found where duty called them, and when our own illustrious Mulligan lay mortally wounded in the arms of his faithful comrades the underlying principle of his religion which taught him to sacrifice himself for the common good bade him whisper, in fainting accents, "Lay me down and save the flag."

THE SHIELDS STATUE.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Unveil the Statue; Let the bronze reveal
The gallant soldier, true through woe and weal,
Son of the Island green beyond the wave—
Adopted by Columbia free and brave—
To her he gave his heart—his love—his life,
In peace his counsel, and his sword in strife.

When the wild war drum with its dread alarms
Woke the dread echoes with the call to arms,
We heard the trumpet and the bugle shrill,
Call to the camp—the muster and the drill—
When on our southern border massed the foe,
And fierce invaders swarm'd from Mexico.

When fell marauders shed our soldiers' blood,
And stain'd our soil by Rio Grande's flood,
We saw the patriot host to battle throng—
For our lov'd land—our country right or wrong—
When soldiers muster'd on far Aztec fields,
First in the line was seen the gallant Shields.

When the fierce storm of iron hail and rain
At Vera Cruz swept over hill and plain,
When hell's red fires were hurl'd from fort and crag
He braved their furies and upheld our flag,
In the wild cyclone's maze of wounds and death,
He won the soldier's crown—the hero's wreath.

In the advance on Cerro Gordo's height
He seem'd the master spirit of the fight,
Where the grim batt'ries from the ramparts frown'd
He climb'd the hill with all death's engine's crown'd—
Leading the storm 'gainst its embattl'd walls—
With Spartan courage captured its high halls.

Hero of heroes! in his bright career
He sought the post of danger void of fear,
Foremost in fight—he led the crimson way
Into the hottest of the bloody fray,
And proud as Mars amid the battle's wreck
Was hailed proud victor at Chapultepec.

Again war's sanguine sounds spread on the gale,
Fraternal strife convulsed the hill and vale,
Wild civil war with all its untold woes—
The North and South embattl'd—bitter foes,
Troops marched and muster'd fast by field and ford,
Again his Country claimed his trusty sword.

Again the hero led in war's red brunt—
The patriot men who muster'd at the front
In battle's grand array, who nobly stood
Like living bulwarks 'gainst the crimson flood;
On Winchester's proud heights he led the free,
And crown'd our flag with glorious victory.

Yet, war was not his choice—his destin'd path—
He lov'd not bloodshed—and he sought not wrath,
His sphere was law—a Senator profound,
Who represented 'mong our greatest—best—
Three sovereign States that gild the mighty West.

Hail, Soldier of two wars! Hail, Statesman true!
Today we raise this Cenotaph to you,
Though in our hearts your memory ever bright
Outlasts the chaos of the field and fight—
And ever green be watered by our tears
Through all the cycles of the coming years.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY,

Says Eleanor Kirk, Depend Upon Keeping Body and Spirit Together for the Performance of All Necessary Labor.

Habit, Precedent, Ignorance, the Only Real Taskmasters There Are in the World.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 10.—There is nothing more difficult than to keep one's attention centered upon the work in hand.

Why is it difficult?

Because of the inherited belief that life is short. In order to get any pleasure or profit out of existence one must make haste, in other words, try to do twenty things at a time. It is doubtful if there is anything in the whole realm of ills and aggravations that mankind considers itself subject to, more painful than this in its depleting influence upon vitality.

Let us take a wife and mother as she sits with her lap full of stockings to mend. This labor must be performed, and there is no one else to do it. More likely than not she despises the occupation, and would like to throw every one of them into the fire. Such an influence, to begin with, is anything but benign.

"It took me all the forenoon to do my mending last week," she tells herself, "but I mean to pitch in today and get through in half the time. If I do, I can put the binding on my skirt, and perhaps finish Johnny's blouse. I wish I could get that done today, because he'll need it the first of the week, and then I've got to have company to lunch Tuesday, and dear me, I've forgotten that cake recipe which Mrs. Jones promised to give me"—and so on and on until the last hole is darned, and the weary woman shakes the threads from her apron with a feeling that she does not care whether she ever does another stitch of work as long as she lives. Her back aches, her head feels as if it had a tight band around it, her stomach trembles, and whatever she does the rest of the day, whether she goes to bed or goes out, or does more work, the feeling she experiences is one of disgust and abuse. "Life is hard, life is cruel," she sighs. "Why should I be obliged to spend the best years of my life sewing up holes? Other women can have some time to read and go out and enjoy themselves. I am nothing but a slave."

The last statement is absolutely accurate. She is a serf in every sense of the word, but who are her masters?

Habit, precedent, ignorance, the only real taskmasters there are in the world.

The stockings did not bind a band about her head, cause her back to ache, or bore a hole in her stomach. The stockings were not to blame for the feeling of desolation and discouragement that attacked her while at work.

Let us look into this matter.

Our friend approached her basket of stockings quite sure that darning was not the sort of embroidery that she should be expected to do. It was a degradation. Why should she not enjoy the same immunity from uncongenial work as some of her neighbors? Here we have envy as a very strong factor in the matter, and envy will rub the bloom from the cheek and drive brightness from the eye with great quickness.

Next, in order to save time for some other duty, or make time for a pleasure, she determined to perform the hated darning in less time than ever before. To this end she ignorantly strained every nerve of a physique previously weakened by many such acts of folly.

Again, she worked on her skirt, finished Johnny's blouse, made preparations for her luncheon party, and mentally performed other tasks while her trembling fingers wove the darning cotton through and through the despicable holes. She did all this thinking and planning and working, and accomplished only the planting of more wrinkles in her face, more pains in her body, and more envy and discouragement in her heart. The life principle, the spirit, the God power was ignorantly scattered and wasted. The various objects of mental consideration were injured instead of benefitted by the process, because when she had finished the task in hand she was as disgusted with them as she was with the stockings.

It is indeed hard to overcome these mental habits, because they are so ingrained, but there isn't one that cannot be successfully met and dealt with.

Scores of people have conquered the deleterious and awkward physical habit of crossing the legs, which we previously brought to their attention in this correspondence, and if they could do that, they can succeed in keeping body and spirit together for the performance of all necessary labor. Youth and beauty, and health and usefulness depend upon it. There is no end to the things I want to say upon this subject, and to the many women all over the country who are writing to me on this subject, and asking for more instruction, let me say that I will do my best to meet their wishes. It is, indeed, the vital need of the hour.

To those who have made inquiries in regard to the use of featherbone, especially the dressmakers, who are so anxious to learn the process, I can only tell them, that in almost every city there are teachers. The work is extremely simple, but as the featherbone becomes a part of the gown a few directions are important. Remember, it does not take one-third of the time to bone a waist with featherbone that it formerly did with whalebone, and that featherbone does not break nor bend, and can be transferred from one dress to another. There is nothing that will keep large sleeves in place like the featherbone that is made especially for this purpose. Dressmakers from neighboring towns, who come to New York, can be taught free at one place that I am acquainted with.

ELEANOR KIRK.

AN IRISH BISHOP'S SPEECH.

He Would Guard Religion and Help His Countrymen to Obtain Their Rights.

The Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, the recently-consecrated Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, delivered a stirring address last week to a large concourse of people in his native town of Ballymahon, and was loudly cheered from time to tim as he proceeded. His utterances, both religiously and politically, are most remarkable, and show the immense stride that has been made in the people's independence in Ireland. The following is substantially what he said:

"It was the business of a bishop not only to safeguard religion but to assist his countrymen by every means in his power consistent with the law of God to obtain their rights." He referred to the fact that his father had been in jail, and that he himself had spent one night in prison. If for nothing else, it should never be forgotten both to the National League and the Federation that they had put down faction fighting. He remembered seeing on every market day there, where men with ash plants drew their brothers' blood. This was the outcome of a system of government which was to have them broken up among themselves. If the National League, which was once an organization for the good of the land, and the Federation, with which he was connected, never did anything more than to put down dissension, they ought to be looked on as a blessing from God. They should remember that any individual may make mistakes.

"No one was infallible in politics—not even the Pope. If a man had honest, good motives, if he loved his native land and was not self-seeking, but if he honestly strove to raise up his fellowmen, what more could he do? They should not say to the Unionists or to the Nationalists who differed with them, 'You are a traitor and a base rogue,' which words were often used. Every man had a right to speak and to have his opinion, and if he was honest and good, and not a self-seeker, then he had a right to be heard in his own land. The speaker said he was a bishop in the first place, and would always remember that, and was only a politician in the second place.

"So long as a priest did not bring politics into the church and was fair in his dealings with his fellowmen, and did not break the law upon which his ecclesiasticul character was built up, he would not interfere with him. He asked was it because Father Pinkham and he had put on black coats that they were to be debarred from the rights of citizenship given to the men of every other profession? Was it not only fair that they should have their rights? Were they putting forward any right to dictation when they claimed the same rights as a layman, and that was all he claimed or Father Pinkham claimed? They put forward as their principle that they would do their best to elevate and raise the people. His first business was to safeguard religion, and next to do everything he could for the temporal welfare of the people."

When So Many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process; do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of your readers, for eighteen two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

GUESSERS WERE OFF.

NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL WAS NOT ON THE LIST

Of Those Who Do the Guessing for the Newspapers—Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, Appointed—Olney Named for Secretary of State.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The president late yesterday afternoon announced the following cabinet appointments: For secretary of state, Richard J. Olney, of Massachusetts; for attorney general, Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati. Harmon has been for a long time judge of the common pleas court, and is a man of about 50 years of age, one of the most conspicuous lawyers in the west. Upon the retirement of ex-Governor Hoadley from his Cincinnati firm upon his removal to New York, Harmon took his place at the head of the firm of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith & Hoadley, the last named being a son of ex-Governor Hoadley, of Ohio.

Cincinnatians Highly Elated.

A dispatch from Cincinnati indicates that the appointment is very popular in that city. The telegram says: "When the appointment of Judge Judson Harmon became known here attorneys from the courts and offices rushed to the office of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith & Hoadley to congratulate the new attorney general and ask for a date for a farewell dinner from the bar. Judge Harmon said he had received a letter from President Cleveland yesterday and replied to it by wire. He went to Columbus last night on personal business and does not know when he will go to Washington. Judge Harmon is not only recognized as one of the foremost lawyers and jurists of this state, but as one of the most popular citizens.

One of the Men Who "Greeleyized."

"He was born near this city 49 years ago, has always lived here, and is known by all. His father, Rev. B. F. Harmon, was a Baptist minister, well-known throughout the Ohio valley. Judge Harmon was graduated at Dennison university, a Baptist institution at Granville, O., in 1866, and began the practice of law in Cincinnati in 1869. He was a Republican till 1872, when he "Greeleyized." He was elected superior judge in 1878, re-elected in 1883, and when ex-Governor George Hoadley went to New York in 1887 Judge Harmon resigned from the bench to become the head of the firm of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith & Hoadley, which represents several railways and other large corporations, and with which firm he will continue his connection.

Social Phase of the Appointment.

"When Judge Harmon resigned in 1887 Governor Foraker appointed Judge William Taft, now United States circuit judge, and formerly solicitor general, to the vacancy. Mrs. Harmon is an accomplished lady, the daughter of the late Dr. Scobey, of Hamilton. They have three daughters, Mrs. Edman Wright, Jr., of Philadelphia; Miss Elisabeth, a recognized society leader, and Marjorie, the youngest of the family, who is 14 years old."

The announcement of the transfer of Attorney General Olney to the head of the state department created no surprise here, as it has been well understood for several days that Olney would succeed Secretary Gresham. The appointment of Judge Judson Harmon as attorney general, however, came in the nature of a surprise. His name had not even been canvassed as among the probabilities.

CONFIDENCE REMAINS UNABATED.

Outlook in the World of Trade, According to Bradstreet's.

NEW YORK, June 8.—Bradstreet's says: The speculative spirit which seemed to dominate both commercial and financial circles until within a week or ten days past is still less conspicuous in all lines. Demand for staple goods in a number of instances is smaller, notably at Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago and Kansas City, particularly in dry goods, demand for which at first and second hands has declined, as is customary at this period. While business throughout the country may, therefore, be characterized as quieter, the tone of staple markets continues strong and confidence in a good demand, when the fall season opens next month remains unabated.

The feature of the week, as heretofore, is the continued long list of advances in prices, notably those for iron and steel and the upward movement of bank clearings. Statistics show a decrease of over 17,000,000 bushels in available stocks of wheat in the United States and Canada during May. Last year we reduced stocks 1,000,000 in May, while Europe's available supplies practically stood still. Interior stocks of Russian wheat fell away 2,000,000 bushels during May. Heavier shipments of wheat to Europe, with increasing available stocks there mark the latter's confidence in the relative permanence of a higher range of prices for wheat.

Killed in the Kickapoo Rush.

GUTHRIE, O. T., June 8.—A sad sequel to the wild rush into the Kickapoo reservation was viewed in this city, when a man named Valchester, from southwestern Kansas, drove through the city en route to his old home there, having in his wagon a coffin containing the body of his wife and 1-year-old child, who were both killed in the rush for claims at the recent opening. In the first wild dash Valchester's wagon struck a stone, was partly overturned, throwing out the wife and little one, who were trampled to death by a score or more of horses.

Iowa Governorship Campaign.

DES MOINES, June 10.—General F. M. Drake, the leading Republican candidate for governor, won a complete victory at the Polk county convention held here. The delegation of forty to the state convention could easily have been instructed for Drake had his managers thought best to take such advantage. They did not, and the delegates will vote their individual preferences. According to the poll taken the delegation stands thirty-four for Drake and six for W. M. McFarland, the present secretary of state.

Guarded by a Dead Man.

CINCINNATI, June 8.—A dead man kept guard over the Osbourne Chemical works at Eggleston avenue. John Nelson, the night watchman, died of apoplexy in his chair in front of the open door early in the night, but his watch was effective and the place was undisturbed. Brother officers who passed during the night saluted Nelson and it was not till morning that he was found to be dead.

RESOLUTIONS OF SILVER MEN.

They Demand Unlimited Coinage of Both Metals at the Old Ratio.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 6.—The free silver convention of the Democratic party was called to order by Secretary of State Hinrichsen. All around fluttered banners with the war-cry "16 to 1" emblazoned on them and the seats of all the delegates were full, with a large crowd of more or less interested on-lookers on the floor and in the galleries. There were but few gold men in the legislative chamber when the hour for calling the convention arrived, and they acted as spectators and not as participants in the proceedings. "Buck" Hinrichsen was received with a volley of cheers as he wielded the gavel and called the convention to order. His speech was a clarion call to the Democratic party for the adoption of the free silver policy.

Hinrichson devoted himself mainly to a defense of the action of the Democratic state committee in calling the convention, and in the course of his remarks he took occasion to make a few sly thrusts at the national administration and the "gold bug" members of the party. In accordance with the arrangements of the state central committee the following temporary organization was named: Chairman, Judge Monroe C. Crawford, Union county; secretary, Hon. A. C. Bentley, Pike county; assistant secretaries, William J. Cochran, Cook county; W. P. McDowell, Vermilion county, James D. Breckinridge, Fulton county; Robert J. Hunt, Macon county; William Stoeffel, McHenry county; H. T. Eberlein, Green county; sergeant-at-arms, Thomas Manion, Jefferson county.

The speech-making being ended the resolutions committee reported its work and it was adopted with a rush and a whoop. The resolutions declare that gold and silver have been the honest and recognized money of the world for a thousand years; that the demonetization of silver is the cause of all our woes; that the constitution prohibits any state from using anything but gold and silver as legal tender.

Therefore, resolved, That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for any other nation, and that all contracts for the payment of money, whether made in gold or silver, may be discharged by the payment of silver. Democratic congressmen are instructed to vote for this policy.

After a long debate a resolution was adopted requesting the Democratic national committee to call a national silver convention not later than August next, and if that committee refuses Democratic state committees are asked to take independent action to that end.

Governor Altgeld was indorsed with enthusiasm and after passing complimentary resolutions the convention adjourned.

One of the first developments of the morning was a meeting of the "honest money" delegates, at which it was decided on the part of those present not to go into the convention. Among those who attended this meeting were Senator Palmer, Washington Hesing, Adams A. Goodrich, Frank Walker, J. H. Hopkins, J. W. Sutten, ex-Judge Vincent, Rivers, McNeill and about ten others. The first intention was that Senator Palmer and his friends should offer a substitute platform to the convention and make a big fight, but the point was raised that this might only create additional bitterness among the majority, and probably bring about a strong denunciation of President Cleveland and the administration.

The delegates-at-large to the proposed national convention are John P. Hopkins, of Chicago; Secretary of State Hinrichsen; George B. Fithian, of Jasper county, and General L. B. Parsons, of Clay.

ESTIMATES WIDE OF THE TRUTH.

Milwaukee Fire Costs Only $50,000, While Cameron, W. Va., Loses $300,000.

CAMERON, June 11.—The first estimate of the loss by the fire at Cameron is entirely inadequate. The standing property of the town was probably worth $450,000, and the latest itemized list of losses foots over $300,000. The insurance is but a drop in the bucket—only $50,000, of which $30,000 is in three Wheeling companies. Fifty-two houses were burned. Of these twenty-eight were dwelling houses and the balance business houses. Already builders are here from Wheeling, and several business men are preparing to rebuild. But the devastation is so widespread that the mayor has appealed to the country at large for funds to provide for the destitute.

MILWAUKEE, June 11.—The fire in the Forster Lumber company district was very deceiving as to loss. One newspaper correspondent sent a Chicago paper the statement that $770,000 had been wiped out, and generally the estimate was $400,000. Insurance men now say the loss will not exceed $50,000, as most of the lumber piles are simply charred on the ends and the lumber can be resawed. They figure that the loss on the Uhrig Company's coal will be small. Considering the extent of the territory (three blocks) embraced by the flames and the character of the surrounding property the loss is ridiculously small.

Great Relay Race Ended.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The great relay bicycle race of the red and the blue between Chicago and this city was finished at 1:56 o'clock this morning. The actual time of the race was 65 hours, 58 minutes. This break's all American records for a relay race. General Miles and Postmaster Dayton were at the end of the line to receive the messages. The great race, which had its start at Chicago at 9:30 o'clock last Wednesday morning, was begun after months of the most careful preparations.

Bankers Oppose Free Coinage.

ROCK ISLAND, Ills., June 7.—The Illinois Bankers' association adjourned sine die yesterday afternoon. Resolutions were adopted pledging the association to support every effort put forth for the enlarged use of silver, favoring the use of gold and silver for money under regulations which will insure the parity of gold, silver and paper money, but declaring opposition under the present conditions to the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16-to-1.

Four Men Suffocated in a Tunnel.

PEKIN, Colo., June 10.—Smoke from an engine suffocated four men in the Alpine tunnel. Their names were W. M. Flavin, superintendent; N. Matinez, engineer; Michael Burns, fireman, and Oscar Cammann, miner. The bodies were brought here.

BLAST AGAINST THE WHEEL GIRL.

Woman's Rescue League Wants Her Teetotally Abolished.

BOSTON, June 10.—The Woman's Rescue League has adopted resolutions declaring that the bicycle woman and the coming "mannish" woman are productive of "much harm and no real good, and that the "sporting woman," the "mannish woman" and the "bicycle woman" bring disgrace on the true woman. The league condemns bicycle riding by young girls and women for these reasons:

"Thirty per cent. of the 'fast girls' that have come to the Rescue League for aid were bicycle riders at one time. It is resolved that since the closing up of the houses of ill-repute in Boston the sporting girls are taking to bicycle riding because they can better ply their vocation on account of the opportunities given as cyclists." An appeal is made to the prominent clergy of the United States for the suppression of bicycle riding by young girls because of the tendency to encourage immorality.

WIFE AND PARAMOUR SHOT.

George Steltzer of Burt, Ia., Uses a Gun with Good Effect.

MASON CITY, Ia., June 8.—There was a big shooting affair at Burt. George Steltzer returned to his home unexpectedly and discovered his wife and a worthless young man, Fred Heath, in each other's arms. The husband opened fire with a revolver. The woman was hit in the shoulder and young Heath was shot in the arm and side. He escaped through a side door and started for the country on a run.

The husband grabbed up a shotgun and started in hot pursuit, and shot at him twice. Steltzer was caught by other parties and disarmed. He was brought to Algona and lodged in jail. He says he is not sorry, but wishes his marksmanship had been better and that he had killed both. It is thought both of the injured parties will recover.

FOREST FIRES RAGING AGAIN.

Great Quantities of Standing and Cut Timber Devoured by Flames.

BRADFORD, Pa., June 11.—The forest fires that started last Saturday are still burning fiercely, and large gangs of men are working trying to prevent the flames from spreading to valuable property. Elk county is again experiencing a number of fires and the woods between Russell City and Chaffee are ablaze and considerable heavy timber is being devoured by the flames. Kane is surrounded by fires.

Fire at Sugar Run destroyed 1,400,000 feet of logs and 1,000 cords of bark belonging to Stout & Holden. H. O. Ostrangar lost 3,000,000 feet of logs and some lumber. Allen's lumber camp has been destroyed and the people of the place barely had time to remove their household goods. A big fire is reported between Chipmunk and Limestone.

TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST IN GERMANY.

Fire in a Mine Cremates 260 Men—Ten Bodies Recovered.

BRESLAU, June 11.—The Segingolten mine, belonging to Count Von Donnersmark, was on fire. Out of 500 miners at work when the fire broke out only forty reached the surface in safety. The fire has been extinguished and ten bodies recovered.

Iowa Free Silver Democrats.

DES MOINES, June 7.—Free silver Democrats met here in conference. Ex-Lieutenant Governor S. L. Bestow, of Chariton, presided. After many speeches a working committee consisting of a state chairman and one vice president from each congressional district was appointed. The resolutions passed declare that gold and silver are the constitutional money of the country, and declare free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver on the terms of equality at a ratio of 16 to 1 to be a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith. The working committee will strive to fill the coming state convention with free silver Democrats.

Cigar Firm in Trouble.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 7.—Executions for $46,556 have been issued against H. S. Kirk & Sons, proprietors of the Stevens cotton mills and manufacturers of cigars. It is understood that the failure is a very heavy one. In addition claims for over $3,000 have been filed, and other suits are expected to follow. Abram Hirsch, dealer in millinery, has also failed, executions having been issued against him for $22,000.

General Schofield at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., June 7.—Lieutenant General Schofield arrived in Omaha and inspected the Omaha troops. A magnificent reception was tendered the commander of the army by the militia and citizens. At night at the Omaha club citizens of Omaha greeted the visitors. General Schofield denied the rumor that he was a presidential candidate.

Curfew Rings at Lincoln, Ills.

LINCOLN, June 8.—Under the direction of the city council the curfew is sounded each evening at 9 o'clock to warn all children under 14 years of age that it is time for them to be home, and unless accompanied by their parents, they are taken in charge by the police.

Hitt Shows Encouraging Improvement.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The improvement in Representative Hitt's condition continues. Yesterday, for the first time since his illness began, he was able to sit up for a time in a chair.

Made an Assignment.

NEW YORK, June 10.—C. L. Woodbridge & Co., importers of dress trimming, buttons, etc., made an assignment, with liabilities of $300,000 to $350,000.

THE DEATH RECORD.

SAMUEL WASHINGTON FULLER, the noted artist, at Saratoga, N. Y.

Rt. Rev. Bishop RUPERT SEIDENBUSCH of Minnesota, at Richmond, Va.

Professor GEORGE T. VALLENTINE, a musician of rare ability, at Carlinville, Ills.

HIRAM LOTT, United States consul to Managua, Nicaragua.

GEORGE W. TOWAR, prominent Michigan citizen, at Flint, Mich.

Mrs. NANCY STARK, mother of the judge advocate of Nevada, at Mystic, Conn.

Rev. D. D. BUCK, ex-president of the American Bible society, at Geneva, N. J.

Mrs. LUCY PERRY NOBLE, wife of Rev. F. A. Noble, at Chicago.

A. J. DUPEE, pioneer settler of Oregon, at Portland, Ore.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, June 7.—The senate laid on the table the Aspinwall pool-selling bill. This kills the bill. The bill appropriating money to collect data looking to the building of a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the gulf was sent to third reading on hearing that the bill had been reported unfavorably to the house. The house oleomargarine bill was put on the calendar on order of third reading. The food inspection bill was defeated, the department store bill sent to third reading and the fire insurance patrol pension bill passed. The house passed appropriation bills aggregating $65,000, $30,000 of which was for a home for disabled mothers, wives, widows, and daughters of disabled or dead veterans; also the bill for civil service reform in Cook county.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—The senate advanced to second reading the bill prohibiting children under 14 years of age from appearing as performers in any show. A number of other bills were advanced. Bills were passed: To establish a vaccine farm at the State university; to appropriate $25,000 for surveys for a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river. Adjourned to Tuesday. The house passed the bill taxing gifts, legacies and inheritances exceeding $10,000. The wheelmen's road bill was postponed to Wednesday, which means that it is dead. Bills were passed making it the duty of highway commissioners to destroy noxious weeds, and appropriating $15,000 for a state exhibit at the Atlanta exposition. Bushner, colored, of Cook, protesting, saying that a colored citizen of Illinois could not buy a glass of lemonade at the Georgia World's fair building. Adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, June 11.—The house went to work with its sleeves up when it met, and passed the following bills: To revise the election law; making claims of laborers preferred against railways in receivers' hands; authorizing highway commissioners to condemn land to obtain materials for road improvement; limiting fees of expert witnesses to $25 per day and authorizing the court to fix them; providing that notaries public shall be citizens. The flag-on-the-schoolhouse bill was defeated. A resolution limiting speeches to five minutes was adopted, no member to speak more than once on the same question. Members went to the circus in the afternoon and only a few were in the chamber. The bill appropriating $1,150,675 a year for two years for the charitable institutions was passed. The senate did little business except receive the governor's veto of the bill providing for the consolidation of incorporations.

REPORT ON ILLINOIS WHEAT.

Condition Drops in a Month from 92 to 62 Per Cent.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—In reply to many inquiries concerning the condition of the growing wheat crop the following bulletin is issued by the state board of agriculture: "On the 1st of May the prospect was all that could have been wished for, when the general condition over the state was fixed at 92 per cent. About this time a severe drought set in and did great damage. The damage done by the Hessian fly and chinch bug has been great in every locality where wheat is extensively raised. Many fields have been plowed up and planted in corn and other crops. In a sour extending over forty counties not one single county can be reported above 75 per cent., while the general average for the wheat belt is not greater than 62 per cent."

Some Bad Illinois Boys.

PANA, Ills., June 11.—Fred Murray, of this city, was arrested here on complaint of Arthur Hartsook, of Nokomis, for abducting the latter's 15-year-old sister, who disappeared from home Saturday and was seen later in the day in this city. Young Murray, who is under age, was bailed out by his parents. Warrants are out for other boys here and one is reported to have disappeared with a girl. Her father is a leading miller of Nokomis. Miss Hartsook was found later in the woods south of here in company of Patrick Downey and Clifford Kelly, of Pana, boys of 13. Downey escaped.

Street Car Struck by a Train.

STREATOR, Ills., June 10.—An open street car in charge of Martin Malley, motorman, was struck by a train on the Chicago and Alton road and Thomas Hardie and Samuel Porter were thrown under the train. Hardie's right arm was torn off at the shoulder and his right side crushed. Porter had both legs badly crushed and was also hurt about the head. Both men died in a few hours. Hardie was a saloonkeeper and leaves a widow and several children. He had just started out for a little pleasure trip. Porter was a retired farmer about 75 years of age.

Drank Carbolic Acid.

MENDOTA, Ills., June 11.—Robert Lee Burrell entered the residence of his wife's sister and a dozen minutes afterward was a corpse through accidentally drinking four ounces of carbolic acid. Burell, who was chief engineer at the Depot hotel, was one of the best-known and best-liked men in Mendota. He was 30 years of age and married. Burell saw the carbolic acid sitting on a shelf and thinking it was whisky drank it without investigation.

Notes of the State.

The president has designated John C. Edwards, of Illinois, as deputy auditor of the treasury for the war department and acting auditor of the treasury for the navy department, vice C. B. Morton, removed.

William Tindall, aged 18, of Bowling township, Ills., committed suicide by taking ten grains of strychnine.

A man claiming to be Dr. C. S. Rice of Roscoe, Ills., was arrested at St. Anne, Ills., for swindling physicians. He has been held to await the action of the grand jury.

In a runaway accident near Mascoutah, Ills., Charles Worms was thrown under the wheels of a heavily-laden wagon, sustaining dangerous, if not fatal injuries.

Louis Fitzhenry has purchased The Trades Review, a weekly paper of Bloomington, Ills., and will conduct it as a free silver organ.

Miss Mary Taylor, living near LeRoy, Ills., committed suicide by taking strychnine. The death of a sister affected her mind.

HORRIBLE NEWS FROM CHINA.

Reported Massacre of English, French and American Missionaries.

LONDON, June 10.—A special despatch from Shanghai says that it is almost certain that a massacre of all the persons connected with the English, French and American missions at Chengtu has occurred. Neither men, women nor children have been spared, according to the report.

It is admitted that telegrams have been intercepted by the government, the object being to conceal the news of the massacre. A French gunboat is en route to Wuenchang to investigate the report.

KENTUCKY REPUBLICANS.

They Table an Invitation to Attend the Memphis Convention.

LOUISVILLE, June 6.—The Republican state convention convened at the Auditorium, which place, seating 5,000, was filled to its full capacity. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. B. Collier. Hon J. W. Yerkes, one of the candidates for senator, as chairman of the state committee made a strong speech on the existing conditions in Kentucky and introduced as temporary chairman Judge George Denny. After Judge Denny's speech the usual committees were appointed, the one on resolutions being as follows: John W. Lewis, Walter Evans, C. M. Barrett, W. H. Holt, George Denny, N. T. Hopkins, S. T. Moore, C. M. Brown, W. G. Hunter, Charles Blanford, George D. Todd, W. H. Lyons, C. H. Talbott, John Bennett, Samuel J. Pugh, W. Zits, D. G. Colson. This committee includes all the Republican congressmen-elect from Kentucky.

Representative Walter E. Evans offered a strong resolution for a gold standard. It was referred to the committee on resolutions. An invitation to appoint delegates to the free coinage convention at Memphis was tabled. Congressman Evans was made permanent chairman and Samuel J. Roberts, editor of the Kentucky Leader, secretary. It was ascertained that the committee on resolutions was having difficulty on the free silver plank. Colonel Bradley and other leaders appeared before the committee and insisted on a compromise silver plank. The convention remained in session to 5:30, filling in with speeches, when it took recess till 7:30, awaiting the report on resolutions.

On reassembling speech-making was indulged in until the platform was ready. It was read and adopted, and then W. O. Bradley was nominated for governor by acclamation. Bradley made a speech in which he indorsed the platform fully and then proceeded to denounce the Democracy very vigorously. For an hour nearly he poured out a philippic on the national and state administrations, and his speech was punctuated all through with applause.

The Kentucky Republicans nominated W. J. Worthington, of Greenup county, for lieutenant governor; Samuel J. Stone for auditor; secretary of State, Charles J. Finley, and for treasurer George W. Long.

The substance of the platform adopted is a declaration in favor of protection to American industry and against the Wilson bill, which is charged with the business depression; opposition to the state bank system and denunciation of the Cleveland foreign policy. On silver the platform says: "We are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, believing that is would involve the country in financial ruin. We believe in a sound currency and in the use of both gold and silver for coinage, provided always that a dollar in one is made as valuable as a dollar in the other.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 10.

Money on call nominally on y at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange easy and lower, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486@486¼ for demand and 485@485¼ for sixty days; posted rates 486@490; commercial bills, 484¼@484¾.

Silver certificates 67@67¼; no sales; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars 53¼.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 125¼; do coupon, 126¼; 5's reg., 116; 5's coupons, 116; 4's reg., 111¾; 4's coupons, 113¾; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 103.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 10.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 80¾c, closed 79¼c; July, opened 80¾c, closed 80c; September, opened 81¾c, closed 80¼c. Corn—June, nominal, closed 31¼c; July, opened 32½c, closed 32¼c; September, opened 33¼c, closed 33¼c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 21c; July, opened 21½c, closed 21c; September, opened 21½c, closed 21c. Pork—June, nominal, closed nominal; July, opened $12.75, closed $12.65. Lard—June, nominal, closed no minal.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 17@20 per lb; extra dairy, 14@16c; fresh packing stock, 8@9. Eggs—Fresh stock, less off, 11½c per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 6½c per lb; turkeys, 7@8c; ducks, 9c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to good, 35@40c per bushel; Hebrons, 30@32c; Peerless, 30@35c; mixed 25@30c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 14-lb sections, new stock, 15½@16c; broken comb, 10@13c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 8@9c. Strawberries—Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per 24-qt case; Michigan, $1.25@1.75 per 16-qt case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 10.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.60 pigs, $4.35@4.65 light, $4.4 @4.55 rough packing, $4.45@4.80 mixed, and $4.60@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day, 12,500; quotations ranged at $5.60@6.05 choice to extra shipping steers, $5.00@5.50 good to choice do, $4.50@5.00 fair to good, $3.75@4.40 common to medium do, $3.50@4.00 butchers' steers, $2.25@3.25 stockers, $2.75@4.90 feeders, $1.70@2.90 cows, $2.50@4.50 heifers, $2.25@3.60 bulls, $2.60@4.50 Texas steers, and $6.25@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 10,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.60 westerns, $2.50@3.40 Texans, $3.75@4.40 natives, and $5.50@5.75 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, June 10.

Cattle—Receipts 120 cars; market ruled very irregular. Hogs—Receipts, 100 cars; good mediums, $4.80@4.90; common to good heavy ends, $4.40@4.60; roughs, $3.75@4.00; pigs, $4.30@4.35. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 45 cars; choice clipped sheep and export wethers, $4.00@4.25; good to prime handy weights, $3.60@4.00; fair to good mixed, $3.00@3.50; common to fair, $2.75@3.25; clipped yearlings good to choice, $4.25@4.35; fair to good, $3.50@3.75.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, June 10.

Wheat—Cash and June, 84¾c bid; July, 83½c; August, 81½c; September, 81½c. Corn—Cash, 33½c. Oats—July, 21¾c; September, 21½c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, June 10.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 80¾c; No. 1 Northern, 82c; July, 81½c. Corn—No. 3, 32c. Oats—No. 2 white, 22c; No. 3, 20½@20¾c. Barley—No. 2, 49c; sample, 51½c. Rye—No. 1 No.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 5.

George Dashman, aged 26, was shot three times and mortally wounded by Mrs. Susan Foster, of St. Louis, whose daughter Dashman had betrayed and refused to marry.

The treasury circulation statement for May shows that on June 1 the circulation of all kinds of money in the United States aggregated $1,606,175,550, an increase since May 1 last of $6,745,402. The decrease in circulation since June 1, 1894, is $60,460,000. The per capita circulation on June 1, 1895, based on an estimated population of 69,753,000 is $23.02.

L. L. Williamson, of Rockford, Ills., went to Chicago two months ago. He has not been heard from since, and his friends fear he has been murdered.

The South Carolina dispensary law will again come before the supreme court of the United States next October for examination of the relation it bears to the interstate commerce clause of the constitution.

Thursday, June 6.

The republic proclaimed a few days ago in Formosa has collapsed and President Tang has escaped. The Chinese forces in Formosa are disorganized at the approach of the Japanese.

At the annual meeting of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway company the old board of directors was re-elected and R. R. Cable continued as president.

Wisconsin Odd Fellows have elected L. H. Mead, of Shell Lake, grand master, and agreed to meet next year at Stevens Point.

J. Roosevelt, secretary of the United States embassy, will represent the United States in the international railroad congress, which will begin at London on June 26.

Charles Cecil, a young man residing east of Muncie, Ind., was almost instantly killed by a bolt of lightning while he was coming out of a barn.

To call a man a German spy is in France a sure way of securing his arrest, and it is said to be the only form of calumny for which there is no legal redress.

Friday, June 7.

E. R. Cassett, president of the First National bank at Pella, Ia., has been arrested by a United States marshal, charged with bank wrecking and misappropriating $30,000 of the bank's funds.

Edward Moyes, engineer; Elias Botts, conductor, and William Klease, fireman, were killed on the Philadelphia and Reading by a rear end collision between their freight train and a coal train near Shamokin, Pa.

Just thirty persons who took passage on the ill-fated Colima were saved from the wreck.

A cloudburst in the Black forest, Germany, in the Wurtemburg district, swept away many houses and drowned so far as known fifty-six persons. The loss of life will be greater when all is known.

The Standard Oil company and the Scotch Oil company have concluded an agreement, which is to last three years, for an advance in the price of candles.

The Denver board of supervisors has appropriated $50,000 for the Mining and Industrial exposition to be held in Denver next year.

The council at Jeffersonville, Ind., has taken to action arrest, if possible, the persons who have been filling the town pump with broken glass.

Saturday, June 8.

Arthur George Van Sittart, secretary of the British legation at Munich, has been gazetted British consul at Chicago in succession to J. H. Sadler.

President E. R. Cassett, of the First National bank of Pella, Ia., was arraigned. He waived examination on the charge of bank wrecking and embezzling $50,000. He is unable to give $10,000 bonds, and being too weak to be placed in jail he is guarded in his hotel by a deputy marshal.

All the "trust" distilleries are now under guard of United States marshals because, as alleged, of fear that the old owners will seize them if the supreme court of the United States forfeits the charter of the trust.

President Cleveland has refused a pardon to George M. McDonald, of Chicago, sent up for eleven months and fined $1,000 for carrying on an alleged fraudulent business.

Florizel, the Prince of Wales' horse, was the winner of the £2,000 cup at the Manchester (Eng.) races. Dwyer's Banquet II. "also ran."

Monday, June 10.

John A. Forepaugh, the well-known theatrical man, owner and manager of Forepaugh's theatre, died at Philadelphia, aged 63.

Forty persons are known to have perished in the flood at Reberedorf, Hungary, and thirty are still missing.

Representative Hitt continues to show a slight improvement, and it is hoped will soon be strong enough to be removed from Washington to some health resort.

At Keavy, Laurel county, Ky., T. D. Moore and "Tip" Stern, brothers-in-law, shot each other to death. Jealousy.

The money is all up on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons match, and the Dallas, Tex., promoters are positive that the fight will come off in October.

The correspondence left by Miss Harrington, who was murdered so mysteriously at San Francisco, shows that she and ex-Senator Buck were lovers. One letter was signed: "Ever Your Darling Nell." That is all they develop.

William R. Castle has been appointed minister to the United States from Hawaii vice Thurston.

That Tired Feeling

"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite, Run Down feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial, if there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for Rheumatism. We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XX.

And then October comes, and Fred has gone, and the colonel and his household are back at Sibley, where the garrison is enraptured at seeing them, and where the women precipitate themselves upon them in tumultuous welcome. If Alice cannot quite make up her mind to return the kisses and shrinks slightly from the rapturous embrace of some of the younger and more impulsive of the sisterhood, if Mrs. Maynard is a trifle more distant and stately than was the case before they went away, the garrison does not resent it. The ladies don't wonder they feel indignant at the way people behaved and talked, and each lady is sure that the behavior and the talk were all somebody else's—not by any possible chance could it be laid at the door of the speaker.

And Alice is the reigning belle beyond dispute, though there is only subdued gayety at the fort, for the memory of their losses at the Spirit Wolf is still fresh in the minds of the regiment. But no man alludes to the events of the black August night; no woman is permitted to address either Mrs. Maynard or her daughter on the subject. There are some who seek to be confidential and who cautiously feel their way for an opening, but the mental sparring is vain. There is an indefinable something that tells the intruder, "Thus far and no farther." Mrs. Maynard is courteous, cordial and hospitable; Alice sweet and gracious and sympathetic even, but confidential never.

And then Captain Armitage, late in the month, comes home on crutches, and his men give him a welcome that makes the rafters ring, and he rejoices in it and thanks them from his heart, but there is a welcome his eyes plead for that would mean to him far more than any other. How wistfully he studies her face! How unmistakable are the love and worship in every tone! How quickly the garrison sees it all, and how mad the garrison is to see whether or not 'tis welcome to her! But Alice Renwick is no maiden to be lightly won. The very thought that the garrison had so easily given her over to Jerrold is enough to mantle her cheek with indignant protest. She accepts his attentions as she does those of the younger officers, with consummate grace. She shows no preference; will grant no favors. She makes fair distribution of her dances at the hops at the fort and the parties in town. There are young civilians who begin to be devoted in society and to come out to the fort on every possible opportunity, and these, too, she welcomes with laughing grace and cordiality. She is a glowing, radiant, gorgeous beauty this cool autumn, and she rides and drives and dances, and, the women say, flirts and looks handsomer every day, and poor Armitage is beginning to look very grave and depressed. "He wooes and wins not," is the cry.

His wound has almost healed so far as the thigh is concerned, and his crutches are discarded, but his heart is bleeding, and it tells on his general condition. The doctors say he ought to be getting well faster, and so they tell Miss Renwick—at least somebody does—but still she relents not, and it is something beyond the garrison's power of conjecture to decide what the result will be. Into her pretty white and yellow room no one penetrates except at her invitation, even when the garrison ladies are spending the day at the colonel's, and even if they did there would be no visible sign by which they could judge whether his flowers were treasured or his picture honored above others. Into her brave and beautiful nature none can gaze and say with any confidence either "she loves" or "she loves not." Winter comes, with biting cold and blinding snow, and still there is no sign. The joyous holidays, the glad New Year, are almost at hand, and still there is no symptom of surrender. No one dreams of the depth and reverence and gratitude and loyalty and strength of the love that is burning in her heart until all of a sudden, in the most unexpected and astonishing way, it bursts forth in sight of all.

They had been down skating on the slough, a number of the youngsters and the daughters of the garrison. Rollins was there doing the devoted to Mamie Gray, and already there were gossips whispering that she would soon forget she ever knew such a beau as Jerrold in the new found happiness of another one. Hall was there with the doctor's pretty daughter, and Mrs. Hoyt was matronizing the party, which would, of course, have been incomplete without Alice. She had been skating hand in hand with a devoted young subaltern in the artillery, and poor Armitage, whose leg was unequal to skating, had been ruefully admiring the scene. He had persuaded Sloat to go out and walk with him, and Sloat went, but the hollow mockery of the whole thing became apparent to him after they had been watching the skaters awhile, and he got chilled and wanted Armitage to push ahead. The captain said he believed his leg was too stiff for further tramping and would be the better for a rest, and Sloat left him.

Heavens, how beautiful she was, with her sparkling eyes and radiant color, glowing with the graceful exercise! He sat there on an old log watching the skaters as they flew by him and striving to keep up an impartial interest, or an appearance of it, for the other girls. But the red sun was going down, and twilight was on them all of a sudden, and he could see nothing but that face and form. He closed his eyes a moment to shut out the too eager glare of the glowing disk taking its last fierce peep at them over the western bluffs, and as he closed them the same vision came back—the picture that had haunted his every living, dreaming moment since the beautiful August Sunday in the woodland lane at Sablon. With undying love, with changeless passion, his life was given over to the fair, slender maiden he had seen in all the glory of the sunshine and the goldenrod, standing with uplifted head, with all her soul shining in her beautiful eyes and thrilling in her voice. Both worshiping and worshiped was Alice Renwick as she sang her hymn of praise in unison with the swelling chorus that floated through the trees from the little brown church upon the hill. From that day she was Queen Alice in every thought, and he her loyal, faithful knight for weal or woe.

Boom went the sunset gun far up on the parade above them. 'Twas dinner time, and the skaters were compelled to give up their pastime. Armitage set his teeth at the entirely too devotional attitude of the artilleryman as he slowly and lingeringly removed her skates and turned away in that utterly helpless frame of mind which will overtake the strongest men on similar occasions. He had been sitting too long in the cold and was chilled through and stiff, and his wounded leg seemed numb. Leaning heavily on his stout stick, he began slowly and painfully the ascent to the railway and chose for the purpose a winding path that was far less steep, though considerably longer, than the sharp climb the girls and their escorts made so light of.

One after another the glowing faces of the fair skaters appeared above the embankment, and their gallants carefully convoyed them across the icy and slippery track to the wooden platform beyond. Armitage, toiling slowly up his pathway, heard their blithe laughter and thought with no little bitterness that it was a case of "out of sight, out of mind," with him as with better men. What sense was there in his long devotion to her? Why stand between her and the far more natural choice of a lover nearer her years? "Like unto like" was nature's law. It was flying in the face of Providence to expect to win the love of one so young and fair when others so young and comely craved it. The sweat was beaded on his forehead as he neared the top and came in sight of the platform. Yes, they had no thought of him. Already Mrs. Hoyt was half way up the wooden stairs, and the others were scattered more or less between that point and the platform at the station. Far down at the south end paced the fur clad sentry. There it was an easy step from the track to the boards, and there, with much laughter, but no difficulty, the young officers had lifted their fair charges to the walk. All were chatting gayly as they turned away to take the wooden causeway from the station to the stairs, and Miss Renwick was among the foremost at the point where it left the platform. Here, however, she glanced back and then about her, and then bending down began fumbling at the buttons of her boot.

"Oh, permit me, Miss Renwick," said her eager escort. "I will button it."

"Thanks, no. Please don't wait, good people. I'll be with you in an instant."

And so the other girls, absorbed in talk with their respective gallants, pass-

"Oh, permit me, Miss Renwick," said her eager escort. "I will button it."

ed her by, and then Alice Renwick again stood erect and looked anxiously but quickly back.

"Captain Armitage is not in sight, and we ought not to leave him. He may not find it easy to climb to that platform," she said.

"Armitage? Oh, he'll come on all right," answered the batteryman, with easy assurance. "Maybe he has gone round by the road. Even if he hasn't, I've seen him make that in one jump many a time. He's an active old buffer for his years."

"But his wound may prove too much for that jump now. Ah, there he comes," she answered, with evident relief, and just at the moment, too, the forage cap of the tall soldier rose slowly into view some distance up the track, and he came walking slowly down the sharp curve toward the platform, the same sharp curve continuing on out of sight behind him—behind the high and rocky bluff.

"He's taken the long way up," said the gunner. "Well, shall we go on?"

"Not yet," she said, with eyes that were glowing strangely and a voice that trembled. Her cheeks, too, were paling. "Mr. Stuart, I'm sure I heard the roar of a train echoed back from the other side."

"Nonsense, Miss Renwick! There's no train either way for two hours yet."

But she had begun to edge her way back toward the platform, and he could not but follow. Looking across the intervening space, a rocky hollow 20 feet in depth, he could see that the captain had reached the platform and was seeking for a good place to step up; then that he lifted his right foot and placed it on the planking and with his cane and the stiff, wounded left leg strove to push himself on. Had there been a hand to help him, all would have been easy enough, but there was none, and the plan would not work. Absorbed in his efforts, he could not see Stuart. He did not see that Miss Renwick had left her companions and was retracing her steps to get back to the platform. He heard a sudden dull roar from the rocks across the stream, then a sharp, shrill whistle just around the bluff. My God! a train, and that man there alone, helpless, deserted! Stuart gave a shout of agony, "Back—roll back over the bank!"

Armitage glanced around, determined, gave one mighty effort, the iron ferruled stick slipped on the icy track, and down he went, prone between the glistening rails even as the black, vomiting monster came thundering round the bend. He had struck his head upon the iron and was stunned, not senseless, but scrambled to his hands and knees and strove to crawl away. Even as he did so he heard a shriek of anguish in his ears, and with one wild leap Alice Renwick came flying from the platform in the very face of advancing death, and the next instant, her arm clasped about his neck, his strong arms tightly clasping her, they were lying side by side, bruised, stunned, but safe, in a welcoming snowdrift half way down the hither bank.

When Stuart reached the scene, as soon as the engine and some wrecking cars had thundered by, he looked down upon a picture that dispelled any lingering doubt in his mind. Armitage, clasping Queen Alice to his heart, was half rising from the blessed mantle of the snow, and she, her head upon his broad shoulder, was smiling faintly up into his face. Then the glorious eyes closed in a deathlike swoon.

* * * * * *

Fort Sibley had its share of sensations that eventful year. Its crowning triumph in the one that followed was the wedding in the early spring. Of all the lovely women there assembled the bride by common consent stood unrivaled—Queen Alice indeed. There was some difference of opinion among authorities as to who was really the finest looking and most soldierly among the throng of officers in the conventional full dress uniform. Many there were who gave the palm to the tall, dark, slender lieutenant of calvary who wore his shoulder knots for the first time on this occasion, and who for a man from the ranks seemed consummately at home in the manifold and trying duties of a groomsman. Mrs. Maynard, leaning on his arm at a later hour and looking up rapturously in his bronzed features, had no divided opinion. While others had by no means so readily forgotten or forgiven the mad freak that so nearly involved them all in wretched misunderstanding, she had nothing but rejoicing in his whole career. Proud of the gallant officer who had won the daughter whom she loved so tenderly, she still believes, in the depths of the boundless mother love, that no man can quite surpass her soldier son.

THE END

Raw Eggs as a Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin these warm days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way, it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt. Then with a broad bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish. Then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juices may be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it.—New York Advertiser.

Famous Old Appomattox Deserted.

The old town of Appomattox is entirely deserted, with the exception of five or six families, of whom only one, that of a Methodist clergyman, is white. A syndicate bought up all the property a few years ago as a speculation, and when the owners got their money and signed the deeds they moved away, leaving their houses empty. The courthouse was burned about the same time, and a new one was erected at the railway station, about three miles distant, where a considerable town has sprung up. The McLean House, in which the articles of surrender were written and signed, was purchased by the syndicate and was taken down, brick by brick, for removal to the World's fair, but for some reason the plan was not carried out, and the bricks and timbers are still stored in the vacant houses in the neighborhood. —Chicago Record.

Never put away for the summer a woolen garment of any kind that is spotted with grease or soiled with mud. Grease is astonishingly attractive to moths, and all the unbrushed clothes "age" rapidly. Ammonia for all black goods, and a delicate mixture of ether, ammonia and castile soap for colored ones, may be advised.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ALASKA'S BIG BEARS.

GOOD FISHERMEN, ROADMAKERS AND FIERCE FIGHTERS.

What Hunters Who Have Met the Grizzly Have to Say of His Alaska Cousin—They Do Not Fear Man and Will Fight While Mortally Wounded.

A traveler who recently returned from Alaska says: "The Alaskan brown bear is a huge, shaggy animal, varying in length from 6 to 12 feet and weighing from 800 to 1,500 pounds. I found him to be an expert fisher, and during the salmon season he frequents all the rivers emptying into the Bering sea and the north Pacific and their tributaries as far as the fish go. After the salmon run is over the animal retreats into the recesses of the hills, where berries and small game are plentiful. Among other things he does besides fishing and occasionally chewing up a hunter, he is a great roadmaker for this part of Alaska. Nor only are the banks of the streams trodden into good trails by these huge lumbering beasts, but the swampy plains are crossed in every direction by paths leading to the hills. The traveler will do well to follow them in journeying across the country, as they invariably lead to the best feeding places along the stream and form the best routes to the hills."

A hunter who has spent some time there recently chasing brown bears writes several of his experiences to the Seattle Telegraph.

"My first encounter," he says, "with one of these brown bears was a startling experience for me, and I have always thought equally so for the bear. We had been working up against a strong current of the Koowak river all day, and toward nightfall pitched our tent at the base of a high bluff forming the right bank of the stream. While supper was being prepared I climbed the bluff to get a look at the country and was walking along with my gun carelessly held in my left hand. The top of the bluff was densely covered almost to the edge with spruce and alders, and the undergrowth was so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet through it. Ahead of me a cluster of rocks offered a temporary place to sit down and enjoy the view, and I made for it. Just as I reached the nearest rock a tremendous shaggy animal arose apparently from under my feet, and I immediately recognized in him the brown bear of whose fierceness the natives had been telling me for weeks. My first instinct was to shoot, and I probably would have done so had my gun been in my right hand, but the first motion I made the bear reared on his haunches and was so formidable looking that I concluded to wait and see what he intended doing. After a moment's hesitation, during which he turned his head from side to side and licked his chops in a most suggestive fashion, he dropped on all fours, and with wonderful quickness turned and sprang out of sight in the dense undergrowth. When I returned to camp and related my experience, Tah-tah-rok, my native guide, assured me that the bear must recently have concluded a heavy meal, or otherwise he would have attacked me.

"Some officers from some of the vessels of the Bering sea fleet went ashore at Herendeen bay during the summer of 1891 on a deer hunt, and one of the party saw a bear about 100 yards distant eating berries. Without thought of the consequences, he raised his gun and fired at the animal.

"The shot went wide of the mark, but at the report of the gun the bear started for the hunter on a dead run. His charge was met with a shower of bullets from the officer's repeater; but, although badly wounded, the infuriated animal did not hesitate an instant and rushed straight at his enemy. When within about 10 feet of the hunter, the bear rose on his haunches and prepared to close. Blood was pouring in streams down his body. One bullet had shattered his upper jaw, but he was so full of fight that the final outcome of the struggle would have been extremely doubtful had not another of the party arrived and ended the fight by shooting the brute through the brain. An examination of the bear's body showed that he had been struck six times. Three of the shots were in parts of the body ordinarily considered vital and would doubtless have caused death, but the vitality of these animals is almost incredible. Instances are cited of their running over 100 yards after being shot through the heart.

"Last summer, while I was at Sand Point, two hunters came in, after an absence of over a month in the vicinity of Portage bay, and reported having killed 33 bears. One day they killed seven. In order to show that they were not spinning hunters' yarns they brought the skins with them, and sold them at a trading post at Sand Point. During the summer of 1891 two prospectors were looking for coal lands near Port Moller, and about a mile from the shore they came upon an immense brown bear engaged in catching salmon in a small stream. One of the prospectors immediately opened fire, and evidently wounded the brute badly, but he got out of sight in the thick brush. Being anxious to secure the skin the two men started to follow the wounded animal. They had not gone a dozen steps before the enraged and wounded brute turned on them, and before either one could fire a shot he seized one man by the leg and bit it nearly off, and then sprang upon his companion and knocked him senseless with the blow of his terrible paw. Having, as he thought, finished his enemies, the bear quietly ambled off, and was subsequently found dead a few hundred yards from the scene of battle."

With Tears In Her Eyes.

She was thrown on the world.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped.

Considerable turf was knocked off the world where she struck it.

Before anybody could reach her she had risen and was swiftly leading her bicycle away.—Town Topics.

ONE CAT WORTH $12,500.

Did You Ever See a Pure Tortoise Shell Tom?—Cats That Look Like Bulldogs.

It is estimated that there are 360,000 cats in England and 69 varieties. With the greater number of these varieties the average reader is probably quite unfamiliar.

Tortoise shell and white toms are very common, says an English writer, but a pure tortoise shell tom is so extremely scarce that many people declare that they exist only in the imagination.

Any one who happens to possess a female red tabby without any white spots could obtain a price which would keep him in comfort for at least a couple of years without work. Female red tabbies are as rare as tortoise shell toms.

The taste in Persian cats just now runs on the deep blue with orange colored eyes. Edward Lloyd, the tenor, had one for which he repeatedly refused $150. The bright slate or blue is a favorite variety of the Persian, the price sometimes going as high as $125.

White cats of really herculean proportions readily fetch $500. The Marquis of Dufferin is extremely partial to white cats, upward of a dozen of these splendid creatures being comfortably domiciled at the British embassy in Paris.

Russian cats fetch high prices. The Duchess of Bedford owns several of a species extremely rare—a very curious tint of blue. Russian white cats are also highly prized, but the white variety is seldom long haired.

Mr. Sam Woodiwiss is the owner of a smooth haired tom, Xenophon, of such gigantic proportions that when the writer, after an introduction, induced the cat to approach by calling in seductive accents, he experienced a feeling akin to dismay as the mammoth jumped on his knee, which in the course of a few moments began to exhibit unmistakable signs of fatigue, and no wonder—for 25 pounds is a fair weight. Xenophon is valued by its owner at $12,500.

Lady de Trafford has cats of such remarkable ugliness that the writer for a moment took them for a hairy sort of bulldog.

The value of cats is much enhanced if they possess the black markings on the chest known as the "Lord Mayor's chain." The writer has seen a cat of this sort for which the owner would not take $2,500.

Some cats are actually vegetarians, and a curious variety from Burma will only drink water.

FEARLESS OF DANGER.

How One of the Du Ponts Died In a Powder Mill Explosion.

Thus far no Du Pont of the famous gunpowder making family of Delaware has ever been false to the family law of bravery, while more than one has given his life in obeying it. One Saturday evening in the summer of 1857 Alexis I. Du Pont, son of Eleuthere, was in one of the mixing rooms with some of his men, trying to shift a heavy yellow pine box. As they slid the box along the floor, the friction caused a spark to strike, and instantly the room was ablaze. Fortunately most of the gunpowder had been taken out, it being the end of the week, but the walls and floor were sufficiently sprinkled with it to cause a sharp puff, which set the men's clothes on fire. Alexis, realizing the danger instantly, and being himself in flames, called to the men to follow him, and running out of the building threw himself into the mill race. The others did likewise, and thus, for the moment, all were safe. But Alexis, turning toward the mills as he swam, saw that sparks from the burning mixing room were falling in showers on the roof of the press and cutting mill, which contained, as he knew, several tons of powder. In spite of the appeals of the men, he rushed back to the point of danger, calling out as he ran, "Now, boys, pass me buckets of water."

Then he climbed fearlessly upon the roof, which was now nearly burned through—for in those days the roofs were made of pitch and cement—and began fighting the flames as best he could. Inspired by his courage, the workmen rallied with a will at the bucket line, but before they had got fairly started the explosion came, blowing Alexis Du Pont with fearful force against one of the drying stands, crushing his ribs into his lungs, and injuring him so that he died in great agony a few hours later.—Cleveland Moffett in McClure's Magazine.

Puff Balls Good to Eat.

Probably you have all noticed the little white puff balls in spring and "shot off" the same in autumn, when they are dry and full of dark powder. This is one of our choicest eatable mushrooms. One admirer says he cut a slice from a giant puff ball, which grew near his home, every day for a week and had so many fresh fritters, whereas, if he had cut it all down the first day, it would not have made nearly so many meals. One giant puff ball, when young and creamy, if well cooked, will satisfy the appetites of 12 people. In olden times slices of this mushroom were used to bind up cuts and were said to insure their speedy healing. In the days of flint and steel, before matches were invented, the powder of the dried puff balls was often used to catch and hold the sparks. Another strange use to which it was put was to burn it before a beehive. The fumes made the bees drowsy, and the honey could be removed without difficulty.—Margaret W. Leighton in St. Nicholas.

The Bicycle Demand.

It is doubtful if such a condition of affairs as exists at present in the bicycle business has ever before been witnessed by our naturally wide awake dealers. Scarcely a leading manufacturer of wheels but has found his sales—through agents greater in number than he ever supposed it was within his ability to gather—so far surpass his most sanguine expectations that he is today unable to supply to any appreciable extent the constant, steady and increasing demand for high grade wheels apparent on every hand.—Hardware.

THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

How the Painting Was Rescued From an Ignominious Fate.

Probably Chicago's first painting with a history was an excellent portrait of one of her fairest citizens—a belle of 1837. Fine work as it was, however, at one time there was imminent danger of its becoming a decorative signboard of a prominent local livery stable.

Long before the days of the iron horse a wandering artist strayed along what is now the corner of Lake and Clark streets, and there opened a studio. Among the early patrons of his brush was a dazzling creature who yearned to have her beauty perpetuated upon canvas. She was a leader in the swelldom of the town, the adored object of both secret and outspoken admiration of all the bachelors of her set. Her family had not come over in the Mayflower, but her blood was the most cerulean in the far-away down east whence it came. Hence it was with propriety that she proposed to gratify her ambition, and posed, bedecked with a wonderful "amazone" and waving numberless plumes, disporting herself with equanimity on the back of a rearing, plunging steed.

The artist had a fine subject. Needless to say he rendered it full justice. When the canvas was finished, the impressive ensemble was placed upon exhibition in the artist's studio, and everybody who was anybody dropped in and lavished his admiration upon it. After a time the novelty of the display wore off. People had seen all they wanted of it, but the fair equestrienne's portrait still hung upon its creator's walls, unclaimed, and, alas, unpaid for. The landlord of the embryonic Sir Joshua Reynolds grew unpleasant to him. He became addicted to the abominable habit of "dropping in" upon the young artist and making unnecessary remarks about "the rent" at all kinds of inopportune moments, until at last life became a burden to the child of art, and in despair he decided to return to his native east and abandon all his dreams of fame in the wild prairie town of the west.

Among the inartistic and unpretentious citizens of the town was a certain highly prosperous stable keeper who was aware of the circumstances connected with the unpaid for picture and the painter's impecuniosity. The night preceding the former's proposed departure for the city of his birth it was given out among the good people roundabout that the stable keeper had purchased the famous portrait for $500, and that henceforth it should be the attraction of his signboard over his new livery stable. The rumor spread like wildfire within a few hours, and at nightfall artist and stableman had the satisfaction of receiving a visit from the haughty relatives of the picture's original. The required sum was gladly paid by them. Two hundred fell to the lot of the shrewd liveryman, the painter received his first price, $300, and every one was serene over the historic transaction.—Chicago Tribune.

SMALL BOY AND BIG VOICE.

They Create a Commotion on a Chicago "L" Train.

The boy and his voice were not mates. That was evident the moment the former attempted to use the latter. The one was not quite a "5 foot boy," while the other would easily pass as a "7 foot voice." They both got on an Alley L train at Congress street, and the boy undertook to say something about having 5 o'clock papers to sell, whereupon the windows rattled and the car began to rock. The old man who had jumped so high that his head nearly struck the roof looked at the boy reproachfully for a moment and then attempted to be humorous.

"A little louder, please," he said.

"Huh?" returned the boy inquiringly.

"Speak a little louder. Have you lost your voice?"

The other passengers laughed, and the boy seemed somewhat discomfited.

"Paper?" he asked, going close to the man.

"No," replied the man, gratified at the success of his little joke. "I was merely wondering why you didn't speak out instead of whispering."

The boy was close to the man's ear by this time, and he let out a cry of "Evening papers!" that fairly jarred the engineer.

He got to the door first, and the book that the old man threw after him merely raised a bump on the side of the conductor's head.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chinese Court.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the embassador turned round and entered backward, thus saving the honor of his country.—London Standard.

The Pleasing Part.

Fuddy—How did you like Hammerton in "Julius Cæsar" last night?

Duddy—Well, I can't say that he was altogether satisfactory in the earlier scenes, but it was a real pleasure to see him die.—Boston Transcript.

How charming is divine philosophy! Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical, as is Apollo's lute, and a perpetual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns.—Milton.

In 1870 the population of native extraction—that is, Americans or the children of Americans—was 26,000,000 and of foreign extraction 21,000,000.

The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"A Gaiety Girl."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Aladin, Jr."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE NEW MOVEMENT—GLADSTONE PARNELL'S DESTROYER.

The projected New Movement, in the interest of the cause of Irish independence, is progressing splendidly, and indorsements are coming in from all quarters of the country. We are glad to observe that our hitherto rather conservative contemporary, the *Irish Standard*, of Minneapolis, Minn., is among the indorsers. In its issue of June 8, it says:

"The proposed congress of Irish-Americans to be held in one of the leading cities of this country to consider what is best to be done for Ireland to hasten its national independence is attracting widespread attention on both sides of the Atlantic. A large number of prominent and influential Irishmen have lost confidence in the efficacy of parliamentary agitation, and the dissensions existing between the rival wings of the Irish party at home have made them sick at heart.

"Since the death of Parnell the Irish people have no parliamentary leader in whose ability these Irish-Americans have any confidence, and they think it high time to hold a conference to devise some plan that will prove more effective than the policy pursued in the London parliament for the uplifting of Ireland from her abject condition under British rule. The Irish-Americans whose names are prominently connected with the coming convention are well known in this country and are recognized as representative men of the race.

"In times past they figured conspicuously at the National Land League conventions to aid Mr. Parnell in his political work, and long before that extraordinary man made his appearance in Irish politics many of them were active members of physical force organizations and spent many days and nights plotting destruction to the British empire. Some of them went with Gen. O'Neill into Canada in 1866 and participated in the battle of Ridgeway and made Gen. Booker and his red-coats fly like chaff before the wind. They have grey heads now, but they are still able and willing to fight for Ireland's freedom with sword and gun if opportunity offered and there was any chance of success.

"They believe with Byron, that 'who would be free themselves must strike the blow,' and they know that military men organized for the liberty of Ireland will inspire fear in the hearts of British statesmen as Fenianism did when Gladstone disestablished the Anglican church in Ireland. It looks to them that the British peers will never pass the home rule bill and mean to keep Ireland in subjection forever. They are therefore determined to organize and await the 'opportunity' which O'Connell declared to be 'England's difficulty.' Great Britain may get entangled in international complications and be forced into war, and it is the duty of patriotic Irishmen to be ready for such an emergency.

"The fact that there will be in existence a physical force organization to back the demands of Ireland's representatives in parliament will produce a wholesome effect on British ministers who have no desire for civil war. If the Tories get into office at the next election they will rule the Irish by coercion law and probably force them into an insurrection. It is well for their friends here to be ready to give them succor if needed, and for that reason we favor the holding of an Irish-American convention at the earliest possible moment. We have the utmost confidence in the patriotism and intelligence of the men who issued the call, many of whom we know personally."

There have been semi-indorsements by other Irish-American publications, and one of them recommends that the congress be made universal, so as to include representatives from Great Britain, Ireland and the colonies. We object to this proposition, not from any lack of respect for or want of confidence in our brethren who live under the British flag, but because their presence in such a congress would be dangerous to them and embarrassing to us, who are not, thank God, British subjects. We want to be foot, and hand, free to deal the enemy, at the proper time, such blows as may be necessary for the recovery of Ireland's natural heritage—liberty and independence.

Still another Irish-American journal suggests that the congress should be held with closed doors, and the press excluded. Nothing of the kind. When the organization is formed, the executive in control can use its judgment as to what to give out for publication and what to withhold, but the congress itself should meet with open doors, and the press should be given every opportunity to publish far and wide the sentiments of the representatives of the Irish race in America. Special seats might be with safety reserved for even the Scotland Yard stenographers, so that they might not be put to the folly of assuming airs of mystery. John Mitchel, in 1848, invited Lord Clarendon to quarter a detective in his *United Irishman* office. "There will be no objection," wrote he, "if the man is sober and honest." An open congress, composed of American citizens, cares nothing for Scotland Yard, or for the whole British government for that matter. If British subjects were admitted to the privileges of the floor, the case would be essentially different. Hence our objection to having anybody who is shadowed by the British flag a delegate to the congress.

The whole Irish race, except a few time-servers, has grown weary of the British parliament and that tiresome old bore, Gladstone, the real destroyer of Charles Stewart Parnell. If it had not been for Gladstone, and Morley, Parnell would be alive today, and "home rule," of some kind, would be an accomplished fact. Gladstone killed Parnell as surely as if he had fired a bullet into his heart. Morley and the more violent McCarthyites were accessories before the fact, and the political prelates and priests of Ireland, with their slavish followers, were accessories after the fact. The blood of Parnell is on Gladstone's head, and the Irish people, now that their second sober thought has returned, hold him responsible for that base political murder.

LET US UNITE FOR IRELAND.

What a magnificent moral spectacle would be presented to the world if all the papers published for Irish constituencies in America would unite in demanding the dissolution of the disgraceful, divided, imbecile Irish Parliamentary party! How can the English people, who are our enemies, have respect for that party when we have none ourselves? Some of us may pretend to have, but, at bottom, all feel that the miserable Irish party is a half drowned political rat, and ought to be put out of its misery.

What happy results would follow a union of sentiment in this direction of the *Irish World*, the Boston *Pilot*, the *Irish-American*, the Philadelphia *Hibernian*, the San Francisco *Monitor*, and other leading organs of Irish-American opinion! And yet, they might as well adopt that policy first as last. The *Irish Republic*, of New York; THE CITIZEN, the *Irish Standard* and the *Northwestern Catholic* stand all right on the issue. We hope all our contemporaries will join the "bund." Up, brethren, and be doing.

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day
Brother band, O Brother band!
Come, in your panoplied array,
Brother band, O Brother band!
With Edward's spirit for the fray,
With Murphy's blood on Arklow's day,
With Wolfe Tone's hopes in Bantry Bay,
Brother band, our Brother band!

The parody must be excused, as it about fits the case. It is time to spit upon the Whigs and turn Ireland's back "toward Britain and her face to the West." Let us make a new dawn for Ireland. This arctic night has lasted all too long.

LANDGRABBING.

The landgrabber is manifesting himself violently in the county Waterford. A recent number of the *Munster Express* says: "A painful case of grabbing has taken place recently in the county of Waterford—perhaps the cruelest we have heard for years. There is scarcely a man in the South of Ireland who has not heard of John O'Callaghan, Newtown, Kilmacthomas. Long years before the establishment of the Land League he was a land reformer, and did splendid service side by side with the late editor of this paper, Mr. Joseph Fisher, in establishing a Tenant Farmers' League in the county Waterford. He has been up to the present day the most earnest worker in their cause. Yet this is the man we are told 'ought to expect but little sympathy from Nationalists.' Out on such venomous and rancorous doctrine. A more treacherous statement in a paper pretending to be the farmers' friend we have never read. A farmer who held an independent opinion in Nationalist politics is to expect no support or assistance from his brother farmers, whose cause is his own. Fifteen years ago John O'Callaghan gave up the comforts of a happy home in the interests of the Irish farmers, and as a protest against rackrents. After fifteen years' heartrending anxiety and worry, his children outcast on the earth, he is to be told to expect no sympathy or support from the men for whom he suffered when additional trouble came to crush him. The man who wrote that black and treacherous statement knows not the men of the county Waterford."

We hope our contemporary's faith in the men of Waterford has been realized.

DEATH OF JOHN M'KEOUGH.

Mr. John McKeough, the well known lawyer, died unexpectedly, of pneumonia, at his residence, No. 3133 Rhodes avenue, last Saturday afternoon. He was taken ill on the preceding Monday, but seemed to be progressing toward convalescence when the sudden turn came. He passed away peacefully in the presence of his sorely afflicted wife and children and a few intimate friends. Mr. McKeough was born in Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1855, and came to Chicago with his family at an early age. He was educated at the Dearborn School and the Christian Brothers' Academy, and graduated at the latter institution with honor. Naturally bright and enterprising he first thought of pursuing a business career, and was employed for some time in one of the leading dry-goods establishments of the city. A desire to study law gradually grew upon him, and he became a pupil of the Chicago Law School in 1874. He took a thorough course and obtained his certificate in 1877, entering at once on the active practice of his chosen profession. In this career he was highly successful, and was chosen counsel of the Liquor Dealers' Association, without serious opposition, for several years. He took an active interest in state and local politics, on the Democratic side of the controversy, and was a capital platform, as well as forensic, speaker. He was twice elected attorney for the South Town Board of Chicago, and gave great satisfaction in the performance of his duties. He held for many years the position of president of the Third Ward Democratic Club, and was a member of the different party organizations in the city and county. In 1877, he was adjutant of the old Second Regiment of the Illinois National Guard and distinguished himself during the serious railroad riots of the memorable summer of that year. He married, in September 1882, Miss Annie M. O'Connor—daughter of the late Mr. Charles O'Connor, one of the oldest and most respected of Chicago's pioneers—a young lady of rare personal attractions, and a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. Three children were born of the union, Alice, aged 11 years; John McKeough, Jr., aged 9 years, and Alan, aged 2 years and 9 months. All survive their father, whose death is to them, as to their mother, an irreparable loss. Mr. McKeough was a member of De Molay Lodge, No. 13, Knights of Pythias, the members of which took charge of the obsequies.

Mr. McKeough was a man of the most genial ditposition and had hosts of strong personal friends. He was invariably good humored, and, although an uncompromising Democrat, was well liked by the Republicans with whom he had personal acquaintance. Perhaps no man of Irish blood in this city ever had so large a clientele among the Germans, who were always his enthusiastic supporters, even when candidates of their own race were competitors for office. He had a very pleasing personality, was slightly under the middle height, well built and with a handsome, expressive face. His premature death is widely, and sincerely, mourned by all classes of people with whom in his brief, but busy, life he came in contact. The deepest sympathy is felt for Mrs. McKeough and her little children in the terrible bereavement, which deprives them of the home provider and bread-winner. Such afflictions fill the world with sadness, and preach to us in tones, loud as the Archangel's voice, the awful warning, "In the midst of life we are in death."

The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the residence to St. James' Catholic church. An immense body of mourners, in carriages, escorted the remains to the sacred edifice. Following were the pallbearers: William Dorgan, Peter Odlin, James Cummings, John Enright, A. Van Praag, James Quinlan, George Smith and Eugene Malloy. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Gilday, assisted by the Rev. Fathers M. J. Dorney and P. J. Agnew. At the conclusion of the services for the dead, the latter clergyman, who is Mrs. McKeough's cousin-german, preached a most eloquent funeral discourse, to which it would be impossible to do justice in a brief report.

The cortege then reformed and escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred in the family burial lot.

Among those present at the obsequies were observed: Francis Agnew, Col. P. J. Hennessy, Major William C. McClure, J. W. Richards, W. E. Crosette, John T. Hoyne, John F. Finerty, Capt. M. Hayes, D. O'Connor, J. M. Lonergan, James McInerney, W. F. Fitzgerald, N. J. Neary, James Cummings, Charles King, Representative O'Donnell, August Mette, Prof. Moore, James Casey, C. S. O'Meara, Maj. Charles E. Moore, Chas. T. Sleeper, James Duffy, William J. Fagan, J. N. Stilson, J. W. Berry, Peter Odlin, Charles Barker, Charles W. Wesley, W. J. Dorgan, Eugene Kassler, John S. Enright, Nicholas Reis, John Rogers, Leopold Ballenberg, Peoria, Ill.; Charles Berger, James A. Lomax, J. T. Burke, Henry Mette, George Keuper, Rudolph Schwendland, M. L. Wasserman, Inspector John D. Shea, Lieut. S. B. Wood, Sergts. Williams, Meyer, Magner, Howard, Jeremiah Sullivan and Plunkett, of the city police force; Justice John K. Prindiville, Attorney Harris, Justice J. M. Moore, Frank Moore, Attorney Monroe, Robert Redfield, Attorney McIntyre, J. S. Oelsner, Gustav Hochstetter, Supervisor Ed Leindecker, John Leindecker, J. M. Quinlan, Capt. B. Quirk, W. W. Reilly, William Fogarty, B. MacDonnell, Thos. Murphy, William Brennan, Michael McNamara, John McNamara, Thomas Traynor, William Forrest, Dennis Galvin, John Ferguson, Robert J. Halley, W. J. O'Connell, Joseph Snitz and many others.

The floral tributes were numerous and very chaste in design. Among them were pieces from De Molay Lodge, Knights of Pythias; the Democratic clubs; society friends and the relatives of deceased and his family.

Mr. McKeough's aged father and mother, one brother, Mr. T. McKeough, and three sisters survive him, and are residents of this city.

COL. COLBY AND "THE CITIZEN."

Col. Francis T. Colby, of the Seventh Regiment, says THE CITIZEN "attacked" the Seventh, and, therefore, refused the regimental advertisement for July 4 to the agent of this paper. We would like to know what paper published in Illinois has been a better friend to the Seventh than THE CITIZEN. Col. Colby is not so much "miffed" about the regiment as about himself, because we believe he thinks the criticism of which he complains referred to him. There was nothing in it to call for such small resentment. Colby can keep his advertisement—we can get along without it. Meanwhile, we renew our best regards to the gallant Seventh.

GRAND BOULEVARD SAVED.

Grand Boulevard is saved! The O'Haneeys and MacTullys, the Ap Quinceys and Fitz Rothschilds have been "whirled down the tide of fight," and the dock-tailed Kentucky charger now ambles under its ermine-weighted rider with a mien less proud. On Wednesday, the Board of South Park Commissioners yielded gracefully to public opinion, and the committee of twenty Grand Boulevarders—appointed to present the petition of 5,000 citizens, faithful to the elm trees, to the Board—achieved a decisive victory. The committee, headed by Judge Henry M. Shepard as chairman, was composed as follows: Hon. S. P. Grosscup, Hon. Gwynn Garnett, Rev. Emil G. Hirsch, J. R. Custer, E. B. Felsenthal, Milton J. Palmer, Charles Kern, George T. Smith, F. Sayre Osborn, George E. Cole, John W. Conley, Dr. A. J. Baxter, John Traynor, Edward Baggott, Francis W. Walker, James Lane Allen, John F. Finerty, S. D. Foss, L. C. Merrick, R. E. Pratt, and S. J. Klein, secretary of the committee.

The speeches were brief and to the point, and the talking was done by Judge Shepard, Mr. Custer, Judge Grosscup and Mr. Walker, for the committee, and by Commissioners Donnersberger and Ellsworth on the part of the commissioners. All the South Park Board members, except Mr. Sherman, who is in Montana, were present. Mr. Ellsworth was the only one in opposition, but even he finally yielded and the following was adopted by the Board unanimously:

"We, the South Park Commissioners, do hereby agree that the order passed May 22, 1895, for the removal of trees on Grand Boulevard, be and is hereby rescinded."

A hearty cheer rewarded the action of the Board, and the proceedings terminated in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

JUSTICE TO PATRICK ELLIOTT.

American anger is sometimes quick to rise, and, while it lasts, injustice is occasionally done to individuals, but, when the calmer mood returns, no heart is more humane, no mind is more free from prejudice, than the American heart and mind. This has been our experience of the American people since youthhood, and never has it been better exemplified than in the case of the unfortunate young man, Patrick J. Elliott, who, with his brother, Col. William J. Elliott, was sentenced to the Ohio state penitentiary for a long term, in 1891, because of alleged conspiracy to kill Albert C. Osborne, a principal in the melee which occurred in Columbus in February of the year mentioned, and Washington L. Hughes, an onlooker, who was also killed by a stray bullet. The Elliotts ran a personal paper in the Ohio state capital—William J. being the editor and Patrick J. the manager—and, in the course of a controversy of an acrimonious nature, ran afoul of Osborne, also a very personal journalist. The latter was very bitterly assailed, it is true, but he acted in a cowardly and unjustifiable manner when he retaliated on a certain female member of P. J. Elliott's family, without any groundwork whatever for his libelous statements. After the publication of the gross libel referred to, the brothers met Osborne in the street and a battle began immediately. Osborne fell under the fire of one of the brothers—we believe William J. was the one identified with the shooting—while Hughes, the spectator, was alleged to have been shot by P. J. Elliott. This accusation both the brothers vehemently denied. Governor McKinley and the Board of Pardons were repeatedly appealed to, but no action was taken, until finally, on appeal, which was sustained, a new trial was granted Patrick J. Elliott, with a change of venue to Lancaster, O. The result will be shown further on.

William J. Elliott, when little more than a boy, served creditably in the Union army, and attached himself to journalism soon after the close of the war. Brave in the field he was aggressive in peace, and frequently published in his paper, the *Capitol*, articles which his friends, including THE CITIZEN, could not approve of, as a whole. But he was an open antagonist, and attacked men who had every means of replying in kind. When the latter dragged women of good reputation into the arena of political and social Billingsgate, the fiery Elliott blood could stand it no longer, and a regrettable tragedy resulted. Osborne certainly provoked the deadly assault, but Columbus was too hot for cold justice at the time, and public clamor, quite as much as the evidence, sent the brothers to the penitentiary. Some months after their incarceration, William J. Elliott discovered a plot among the convicts to overpower the guards and escape from the prison. He made his discovery known to the warden, and the conspiracy was nipped in the bud. One of the implicated convicts suspected Elliott, waited his opportunity, and one day smote him on the head with an iron club, knocking him senseless. While in that condition he threw acid in the unfortunate man's eyes and permanently destroyed the sight of one of them.

In any other country, the service rendered by Elliott to the prison and the public would have been rewarded by a restoration to liberty and citizenship, and more especially after the injuries inflicted upon his person by one of the conspirators. The Ohio authorities did not take this generous view of the case, and he still remains a close prisoner, with little present chance of relief. His brother is more fortunate, as the following excerpt from a telegram to the Ohio *State Journal*, will show:

"LANCASTER, O., June 6.—Following Gen. John G. Reeves in the opening argument for the state, in the Patrick J. Elliott murder trial, Attorney Thomas Ewing Steele of Columbus delivered a masterly argument in behalf of the defense. Owing to the fact that Mr. Steele was a former Lancasterian the courtroom was well filled with old friends and acquaintances desirous of hearing him argue in this much-talked-of case. He stated that 'he would not detain nor affront the court by making citations of precedents,' as the court was informed on questions of law involved and of the duty of instructing the jury. He then called the attention of the jury to a statement made by Attorney Reeves in regard to attributing certain testimony to a witness by the name of Miles, and which Attorney Steele proved to be entirely incorrect by reading from the record. In referring to the conspiracy of the state he carefully went over their testimony and dwelt and talked without mercy upon the weak points derived therefrom. Much feeling was expressed for the wife and little ones of the defendant. The argument was certainly a very able one and closely held the attention of the jurymen, as well as all assembled in the courtroom, from the beginning to the end.

"Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Williams then arose and argued for the state. He addressed his remarks from the first to the jury and spoke of modern law as standing between the rights of individuals and brute force. He referred to the theory of the state that that there was a conspiracy between William J. and Patrick J. Elliott to kill Albert C. Osborne. Mr. Williams' address was exceedingly strong and his manner of delivery very pleasing.

"Mr. Murray was the next to plead, but was made to argue under difficulties, as the court insisted that the argument go on, and time of adjournment was thus extended. He had not planned to argue until today, so was obliged to cover the entire case in a general way, but before closing his argument proved by reading from the testimony that Patrick Elliott did not take an active part in the transaction and therefore was not the murderer of Hughes.

"At the conclusion of Mr. Murray's remarks, Attorney George L. Converse, senior counsel for defense, made the closing argument for his client, and it was one of the most eloquent pleas ever given in the courts of this city. He asserted there was no testimony going to prove that Washington L. Hughes was killed by any direct or planned act, and denied the fact that there was a conspiracy between the two Elliotts. The venerable jurist proved beyond a doubt that P. J. Elliott was neither principal, conspirator, aider or abettor in the transaction which led to the death of Washington L. Hughes. The address of Mr. Converse occupied an hour and a half and was a powerful presentation of the case.

"Prosecuting Attorney Dyer in an eloquent manner closed the argument for the state, and after referring to some recent decisions and the law in regard to them he addressed the jury and spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes. Judge Tall Slough then delivered his charge to the jury, which was carefully prepared and impartial in all its phases. At this point the jury retired to deliberate on the verdict, and after being out two hours and twenty minutes rendered a verdict of not guilty.

"When the jury came into the courtroom the judge cautioned the crowd of spectators not to make any demonstration, no matter what the verdict might be, but when it was read and not guilty announced a wild shout went up from the large assembly.

"Elliott was considerably agitated, and he and his wife embraced each other in an affectionate manner and seemed very deeply affected. The verdict was universally approved of by disinterested parties. This is an unusual occurrence, as but very few persons here had any personal acquaintance with Elliott."

THE SOUTH PARK POLICE UNJUSTLY "DOCKED."

The South Park Commissioners pay their police $75 a month. At one of their latest meetings they passed a new rule which obliges the men to pay for their uniforms. Hitherto this was done by the Board. Thus the pay of the men is reduced to the miserable stipend of $65 per month. The police of the South Park system are a particularly fine body of men, and brave as they are presentable. We have seen with our own eyes the coats and trowsers torn off their backs, and their bodies gashed and bruised, in stopping runaway horses—gallantly risking their own lives to save those of others. It seems to us poor economy to discourage such public servants as these. The tendency to reduce wages should not be encouraged by our public bodies. We must maintain American conditions, and these cannot be maintained by cutting salaries down to a scale of Chinese cheap labor. Occasionally private corporations, or firms, are forced to cut wages, or close up, but public bodies, like the South Park Board, have no such excuse. Don't be small, gentlemen. This world will exist after us. Live and let live, and, above all, pay for your brave officers' uniforms.

THE golden jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, took place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Vast crowds were in attendance, including many prominent Chicagoans.

MR. JOHN J. FLINN, one of the best known literary men and active journalists in the United States, has just issued the prospectus of a new weekly paper to be published here, under the title of *The Observer*, the first number of which will appear June 15. It will consist of eight pages, well printed, on good paper, and it will be an aggressive, but clean, organ of public opinion. We hail the advent of our new contemporary with great pleasure.

THE Clan-na-Gael Guards will give their annual military picnic at Oswald's Grove on July Fourth. This fine organization is always noted for the excellence of its public entertainments.

IT is said that the Prince of Wales, alias "Tummy," is going to revisit this country. Now we may expect the "sassiety" flunkeys, of the female variety, to get their bottles ready for the water with which this bald-headed roue may wash his "royal" paws. History repeats itself.

"UNDERTAKING," as it is called, is not a particularly cheerful calling, although we have known many jolly undertakers—in seasons of epidemic. A contemporary says: "Formerly the man who undertook the work of burying the dead was known simply as an undertaker. A little later this began to be thought ugly, so he decided to call himself a 'funeral director,' which has a more official sound. But now that term has become objectionable, and at a convention of undertakers the other day it was decided that a member of the calling shall be known as a 'mortician.'" Why not call it "morturian?"

MR. P. B. FLANAGAN, late county president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and a young man of marked ability and sterling patriotism, has opened a law office at 1004 Ashland Block, Randolph and Clark streets, and is ready to attend to the business of any number of clients. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Flanagan all honor and prosperity in his new career.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH observed the Feast of the Trinity last Sunday in an imposing manner. The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of eight hundred children. All of the societies in the parish turned out to welcome the Archbishop.

THE Supreme Lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen gave a successful reception and entertainment at Central Music Hall last Tuesday evening.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

A convention of the United Irish Societies will be held at Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, June 23, at 2 p.m. sharp. Each society is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN J. MAHONEY, Pres.
T. F. MCCARTHY, Sec.

IRISH AUTHORS OF TODAY.

Francis A. Fahey, a Poet of the Young Ireland Type—One of the Raciest of Modern Irish Writers.

An Author Who Seems to Have Struck the Popular Vein in His Productions.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

While all of the prominent members of the present Irish literary movement are rendering magnificent service to native country in establishing a school of literature, the high standards of which must receive universal recognition in the near future, few of them have written anything of a stirring, patriotic character capable of firing the souls of men, or kindling the hearts of the people as they were fired by the songs of Thomas Davis and the other giants of '48. Alfred Perceval Graves has given us some heroic songs that deserve to be preserved for all time. Nothing could be finer than his "Lament for Owen Roe," "The March of the Maguire," or his "Ancient Battle Hymn," but, while the educated reader may drink them in with delight, and the well-trained singer render them to the admiration of a cultured audience, they are not for the masses. His "Flight of the Earls" is a beautiful song, yet who ever hears it in public? In strong contrast to this we have Dr. Joyce's "Boys of Wexford," sung to the same air and a poem whose only merit consists in that peculiar quality of fastening itself upon the popular ear, dinned in our ears eternally, by bands, street urchins and even from the concert platform. From a literary standpoint there can be no comparison between the two lyrics, yet Dr. Joyce has given the people a poem that may render more service, in the character of a Marseillaise, than the more finished song of Dr. Graves. Of the many lyrics written by Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lionel Johnson, Dr. Todhunter and other clever men, the same might be said; their literary merit cannot be denied, but they are not in touch with the people.

Francis A. Fahey is a writer who seems to have struck the popular vein in his productions. Like Mr. Graves, he has written a number of songs to familiar airs, and as they are all of the "catching" order they sink deep in the fancy of the masses. In reading his songs one is struck with the peculiar domination of the national spirit in them. It is interwoven with every other sentiment of the poem and seems inseparable from his verse. Even in his songs of affection, begun in a tender strain, we hear the tread of the soldier and the jingle of his sabre. It is particularly noticeable in "An Old Irish Hill in the Morning."

I'm weary and sick of the sights of the town,
Though haughty its mansions and high its renown,
Oh, if some good fairy would but set me down
On an old Irish hill in the morning!

My soul ever sighs for a sight of the sea,
By dear old Kinvara, or down by Kilkee,
Or where Moher cliffs in their majesty free
Fling back ocean billows in scorning.

An old Irish hill where the crag is so steep,
The air is so sweet and the heather so deep—
Oh! gladly I'd labor and soundly I'd sleep
On an old Irish hill in the morning.

After a couple of verses, filled with the same affectionate yearning for home, the poet breaks out with the following slogan:

But if the day came for the bold mountaineer
To strike for the hearths and the homes we hold dear,
And ringing on high on the startled air clear,
The blast of the bugles gave warning—

Oh! where could our boys make a sturdier stand,
To strike a stout blow for the cause of our land,
Than massed in their might on the sides green and grand
Of an old Irish hill in the morning!

From an old Irish hill—oh! like eagles we'd sweep,
And chase the false foe through the valley like sheep—
Oh, a harvest of hope for our Erin we'd reap,
On the old Irish hill in the morning!

The fine swinging rhythm of this song is enough to make the song popular apart from the sentiment. Any Irishman who could read the last verse of this and be unimpressed by it, must, indeed, be rather lithoidal in the cardiac region. Mr. Fahey has written a number of other excellent songs in the same vein, but they are a little too lengthy for insertion here. This is his prime fault. He is apt to get interested in his subject and bring it out at too great a length. I do not wish the reader to infer from this that the poems suffer in merit, or as they say in the West, "peter out," for no matter at what length they are written, the quality never deteriorates for a moment. I mean, they are a trifle too long for popular use. One of the most swinging of them all is too long for the insertion of the entire ballad here, but a few verses will make the reader acquainted with "When Pat Comes Marching Home Again":

When Pat comes marching home again
To claim his own,
No more afar to roam again,
Exiled, alone;
From Eastern towns, from Western woods,
From Austral wilds, Canadian floods,
To claim his plundered rights and roods—
When Pat comes marching home.

The misty vales that shrouded wept
For Erin's woe—
The hills that mournful vigil kept,
His hour shall know,
Shall hear his voice, shall feel his tread,
Through crag's recess, and torrent's bed,
And tremble to their caverns dread,
When Pat comes marching home.

Oh, ye who toil in gloom and night
For Erin's cause,
To free her from the wasting blight
Of alien laws!
Toil on, hope on, in steadfast cheer,
The night flies past, the day is near
That true men wait, that foemen fear,
When Pat comes marching home.

All of Mr. Fahey's songs are not in this same serious strain, however. In the lighter and more humorous verses he is among the best of the day. In "The Humor of Ireland," D. J. O'Donoghue's splendid collection of Irish wit and humor, we find no less than four different articles by him, and he is a collaborator with Mr. Douglas Hyde in another. His poem, "The American Wake," is one of the best known of his compositions, and has been widely copied. Another, "The Donovans," was given considerable publicity in the state of Michigan after last year's state campaign, when the famous "Donovan of Bay" was elected, the only Democrat in either house, to the legislature. Everywhere that Donovan went "The Donovans" was recited at the receptions tendered him, until the worthy descendant of the race celebrated in song, probaly wished that Fahey had sung of some other tribe. One of the best of Mr. Fahey's humorous songs is "Little Mary Cassidy," to the air of "The Little Stack of Barley":

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause
of all my misery,
And the rason that I am not now the
boy I used to be;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we
read about in history,
And sure half the country-side is as
lost for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down—hill village, vale and town—
Fairer than the "cailin donn" you'll be looking for in vain;
Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy,
Than emperor without her be, o'er Germany or Spain.

'Twas at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
And heard her sing the "Droighean Donn" till tears came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessed hour I'm dreaming day and night of her;
The divil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise,
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind;
Oh, till singing by my cabin-fire, sits little Mary Cassidy,
'Tis little else or happiness I'm sure I'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all
that people fight about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love
glance from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast,
sure they'd soon go to the right
about,
If I thought the curly head would be
resting there by 'n' by.
Take all I own today, kith, kin and care
away,
Ship them across the say or to the
frozen zone;
Leave me an orphan bare, *but lave me*
Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonesome with the
two of us alone.

Some one once said that the greatest curse of the Irish was their versatility; they could never settle down contentedly to one thing. I am a little inclined to think that the saying is true, for nearly every clever Irishman I know has at least two irons in the fire at the same time. Mr. Fahey, in his writings, is no exception to the rule, for he changes from one style of poetry to another like a weather vane on a summer night, and with about the same ease. While his ringing political songs are worthy of Thomas Davis, he is none the less at home in songs of the affections and his cradle songs have all the sweetness of an Irish nature. What can be prettier than the following?

Oh, to and fro on my bosom of love,
Like a bird on the bough of the brown hazel swinging;
While a husho falls from the stars up above,
And a lul-la-lo are night winds singing.
Sleep sthoreen bawn,
Sleep on till dawn;
Peace to my heart your sweet breath bringing.

Oh, wee-shee handies and mouth of the rose!
My share of the world in his warm nest is lying;
While a husho falls as the blue eyes close,
And a lul-la-lo is the night wind dying.
Sleep, flower of love,
Sleep, cooing dove,
Softly above my heart's glad sighing.

Alanna machree, cling closer to me,
The daylight is flown and the pale stars are peeping,
While a husho falls o'er the land and the sea,
And a lul-la-lo from the far hills creeping.
Slep, sthoreen bawn,
Sleep on till dawn,
Angels their watch above you keeping.

Some of our readers, I am quite sure, would like to know a little about Mr. Fahey, now that they have had a glimpse at his writings. He was born at Kinvara, county Galway, on Sept. 29, 1854, and entered the civil service in 1873. He has resided in London since that time and has taken part in many Irish movements, notably the Southwark Irish Literary Club and its successor, the Irish Literary Society. At sixteen years of age he wrote a play, "The Last of the O'Learys," which was produced in his native town. In the same year his first printed poem appeared in the *Nation*, since when he has contributed from time to time nearly all the leading periodicals of Ireland and to many in England. Most of his writings appeared over the nom de plume of "Dreolin" (the wren). With D. J. O'Donoghue, he wrote a book on the Irish memories of London, entitled "Ireland in London," and published in Dublin in 1869. A very neat collection of his poems was published in 1887 by M. H. Gill & Son of Dublin. Most of his poems are in the collection and the volume should be among the treasures of every Irish nationalist as well as of every lover of poetry.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

At a meeting of the Robert Emmet Club, held at Molar's Hall, Toledo, O., June 2, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of Irishmen of the United States is about to be held to procure means and ways to unite all thorough Irishmen in a new movement, having for its object the achievement of Ireland's independence by means other than parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, We, the members of Robert Emmet Club, of Toledo, believe that Irish independence can be gained only by means other than parliamentary; be it

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by the decision of the convention and support it to the best of our ability, morally, financially and otherwise.

Committee: T. J. Degman, John Nolan, P. H. Sugrue.

Knights of the Red Branch for Action.

The Knights of the Red Branch, of San Francisco, Cal., are in favor of the projected convention of Irish Nationalists, and recently adopted the following:

WHEREAS, It appears that a movement has been inaugorated in this country by some of the most patriotic men of the Irish race, by which it is intended to hold a public convention of representative Irish-American citizens at some central point, for the purpose of considering the present condition of Irish national affairs and the advisability of adopting a more definite and advanced national policy than any heretofore adopted, and

WHEREAS, It also appears that no Home Rule bill, or any other measure of substantial justice in favor of Ireland, is likely to pass the English parliament through any form of constitutional agitation; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this organization is heartily in favor of holding the convention above referred to and fully indorse the said movement.

A CROWNLESS HARP.

BY W. J. PURCELL.

At Benburb, and on Wexford's Hill
Hibernia's sons fought hard,
And oftimes is the story told by many a Celtic bard
How the Yeoman and the Saxon fell back beneath their blows
In the grand old days when Ireland's sons o'erpowered their sireland's foes;
Tho' now with England's ensign linked is their flag's renown
They'll never rest until they flaunt a Harp within a crown.

In darker days by traitor's arts Hibernia's flag sunk low,
Her warrior sons together leagued struck yet another blow
When banded under Louis on many a foreign field
Against their serried onslaught back English forces reeled
E'en still 'twas Erin's fondest hope beneath the penal frown
That sons like these would yet unfurl a harp without a crown.

Through decades of oppression they've never ceased to fight
Against the power of English hate, 'gainst England's cruel might,
For a fetterless flag stern Owen Roe and Silken Thomas fought;
And 'twas for this Lord Edward, Wolfe tone and Emmet sought
They died because they would not yield to Saxon bribe or frown—
They fell because they loathed to see the harp yoked to the crown.

PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the Gaelic class on last Sunday, reports were made by the committees on Gaelic type and on entertainment. The latter committee have prepared a programme for the grand entertainment which is to occur next September. It consists of addresses in Gaelic and English, which are to be delivered by well-known clergymen interested in the Gaelic language movement, vocal and instrumental music, Irish airs, for which talented artists have been engaged, and readings by a young lady graduate of a prominent school of elocution. The Irish harp, bag-pipes and piccalo will give forth on that evening those good old melodies which have made famous the land of song, poetry and music. A chorus of male voices will soon begin preparations for the rendering of some of the popular old songs which every Irish person delights in listening to. Negotiations are being made for the engagement of a juvenile brass band connected with a school on the West Side. The conversation class in Gaelic meets for the first time Thursday evening, at the residence of one of its members, a strict rule being made that only the Irish language shall be spoken during its session. The librarian, Mr. William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, has still a supply of text books on hand, notwithstanding that he has disposed of many during the past few weeks.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were adopted by St. Thomas Court No. 15, C.O.F., at its regular meeting on Monday, June 3, 1895:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Father in Heaven to call unto Himself our beloved brother Dr. John O'Sullivan, who departed this life on the 19th day of May, 1895, at the early age of 28 years; therefore, be it

Resolved, By St. Thomas Court No. 15, of the Catholic Order of Foresters, that we deeply deplore the loss to the community of a physician whose worth was made every day more manifest, and to the Court of its brightest and best beloved ornament, but remembering that "Death and love are the two wings which raise man from earth to heaven," we bow our heads in humble submission to the Divine will.

Resolved, That we will forever cherish the memory of our departed brother and endeavor to emulate in our own conduct his example of true Catholic manhood. Gentle and strong, loving and wise, unselfish and masterful, and withal modest and unassuming, his was indeed a useful life, and his coming among us was a divine blessing for which we shall ever be grateful even as now in the deep gloom of our sorrow.

Resolved, That we extend to the mother, brother and relatives of the deceased our sincerest sympathy.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Court; and that a copy, suitably engrossed, be transmitted to the family of our departed brother.

Committee: Francis J. Schulte, John P. McGoorty, D. Gleeson.

O, NATIVE MUSIC.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh! native music! beyond comparing.
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad or cheering.
The absent soothe on a foreign strand.
Ah! who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land?

The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams—
All, all are touched by thy power divine.
The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless,
The mother—taught by Nature's hand,
Her child when weeping
Will lull to sleeping
With some sweet song of her native land!

SCHILLER THEATRE.

"Little Robinson Crusoe" at the Schiller theatre is a great success. The keen public interest and delight in this new and brilliant burlesque keeps that handsome playhouse crowded to its utmost capacity every evening. Manager Prior has been justified in expending the money, skill and time necessary to produce this triumph of operatic burlesque, in the superb style in which it is now before the public. Of course the people laugh and keep laughing. They cannot do otherwise with such a star as Edwin Foy, and public favorites like Marie Dressler, Adele Farrington, Sadie MacDonald, Babette Rodney, Frank H. White, Douglas Flint, the Crawford Brothers, and the others of the star cast, who have been brought together in the bright, original and provokingly funny story—Harry B. Smith's "Little Robinson Crusoe," united as it is to the charming melodies and impressive brilliant choruses of the music W. H. Batchelor and Gustav Luders have specially written for it.

The scenery throughout the entire three acts of delicious merriment and song, is something superb—a series of realistic stage pictures of life and beauty; a most lavish display, culminating in a glorious transformation scene, developed in a series of beautiful changes, illustrating a fairy-like vision under the Ocean. Then the coquettish and really ravishing costumes of the pretty women of the chorus, of the bathing girls, the bell-boys' corps, the press gang, the jockeys, the cannibals and the chorus of cannibal cooks. They were designed by Chicago artists, and especially for this production.

One of the prettiest and most "taking" pictures of the piece is the "Jockeys' Chorus," in which eight of the prettiest girls in this or any other company put on the colors and white breeches to the vociferous applause of the nightly crowded house. There are many other great popular features, comic and choral, among which are Edwin Foy's song, "I Didn't Know It Was There," the race pool scene, the cake walk, and the great choral finale. In a word, "Little Robinson Crusoe" is great.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, the Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toroighseacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

Ri uasal oirdheare do ghabh fialtheas agus forfhialtheamhnas air Eirinn, .i. Cormac mac Airt mac Cuinn Chéadchathaigh. Agus do bhi Eire go raibhmar riaghalta, agus go sona siothchánta, agus go saidhbhir somhaoineach le linn an tréin-righ sin. Agus nior bh' iongnadh a bheith amhlaidh sin, oir bé bhrúghaidh ar bhrúghachas agus bé file ar fhilidheacht agus bé ri ar righamhlacht an Cormac sin.

Do bhi Fionn mac Cumhaill mhic Thrénmhóir Ui Bhaoiscne i n-airdcheannas ar Fhiannaibh Eireann le linn an tréinrigh sin, .i. Cormac an t-airdri agus righ na g-cúigeadh agus an righfeinnidh, agus do b'é Fionn an seachtmhadh ri do b-fírmhthe i n-Eirinn an tan sin.

Ba mhór tuilleamh agus tuarastal Fhinn agus na Feinne an tan sin, .i. baile in gach tuaith agus ceathramha in gach baile; colleán con no gadhair ann gach teach ó Shamhain go Bealtaine agus mórán sochar eile nach áirimhthear ann so. Acht gidh gur mhór na sochair iad sin ba mhó go mór na dualdh agus na dochair do bhi ar Fhionn agus ar Fhiannaibh Eireann i n-a dhiaidh; ag cosg agus ag dithchur danar agus allmhurach gádha agus dibhfeirge ó Eirinn, mailie le gach olc eile archeana, ionnus gur mhór d'olc agus d'imshniomh do gheibhdis an Fhiann ag cosnamh Eireann mar foillsighthear ann so.

Lá n-aon dá raibh Fionn agus Fianna Eireann i n-Almhain leathanmhóir Laighin ag ól fleidhe meisgeamhla meadhairchaoine Samhna, agus do bhátar maithe agus mór-uasle Féinne Eireann i n-a bh-farradh an tan sin, d'fiafruigh Fionn diobh nár mhithid dóibh dul do sheilg agus do shior-fhiadhach: óir is é ba gnáth le Fionn agus le Fiannaibh Eireann an bhliadhain do chaithcamh .i. ó Bhealtaine go Samhain le fiadhach agus le fianchoegar, agus ó Shamhain go Bealtaine ag coméad cinnte comcheoltchinn ar fhearaibh Eireann.

[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Majestic arrived at New York June 12 at 11 a.m.

The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown June 11 at 10 p.m.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Britannic, sailing from New York June 12: Dr. and Mrs. E. Russell Ogden, Dr. and Mrs. Casey A. Wood, Florence Bell, Chicago; Miss F. Carroll, Miss N. Carroll, San Francisco; Mrs. Adelaide Kingman, Miss Susan H. Kingman, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. L. Bornemann, City of Mexico, Mex.; Thomas Best, Medicine Lodge, Kan.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

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Business Directory.

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Dealer in
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120 to 126 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
302 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

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HOGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

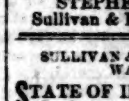
That Plate means Columbia
THE BEST BICYCLE
The Standard Bicycle of the World.

On the steering-head of every Columbia bicycle of this year's make that name-plate appears. It is unique, handsome, and indicates much—satisfaction and highest enjoyment to the rider.

No other bicycle has ever equalled a Columbia. No other bicycle ever shall equal a Columbia. The greatest bicycle factory in the world says so.

New Price $100

HARTFORDS, next best, $80 $60.
$50 for boys' and girls' sizes.



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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,025.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 5th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, for the sum of Eighteen Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver for Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next day thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. June Term, A. D. 1895. The American Valley Company vs. W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company. Attachment. No. 162,148.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Cook County, dated the 12th day of November A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, for the sum of Nine Thousand Four Hundred Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, W. D. Wheeler, Receiver of Wyman & Company, shall personally be and appear before the said Superior Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the first Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the said plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached, as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the July Term, A. D. 1895. William Kirby vs. Ella Kenney and T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney. Attachment, No. 126,974.

Public Notice is hereby given to the said T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, that a Writ of Attachment issued out of the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Cook County, dated the 23rd day of February A. D. 1894, at the suit of the said above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendants, T. A. Kenney and Ella Kenney, for the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, directed to the Sheriff of Cook County to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, T. A. Kenney, sometimes known as Thos. A. Kenney, shall personally be and appear before the said Circuit Court of Cook County, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1895, give bail and plead to the plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff, and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be sold to satisfy the same.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THREE SHIPS.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky,
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By-and-by.

The first little ship is all for you,
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing;
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going,
For they every one have wings.

The second ship is all for me
A-sailing on a misty sea
And out across the twilight gray,
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing,
Was too dear for my possessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By-and-by.
O wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, sweet, you'll go with her,
Sailing, floating hither, thither,
To what port I may not know.
—Harriet F. Blodgett in St. Nicholas.

A STRANGE CASE.

The transitory mental aberration of Sidney Davidson, remarkable enough in itself, is still more remarkable if Wade's explanation is to be credited. It sets one dreaming of the oddest possibilities of intercommunication in the future, of spending an intercalary five minutes on the other side of the world or being watched in our most secret operations by unsuspected eyes. It happened that I was the immediate witness of Davidson's seizure, and so it falls naturally to me to put the story upon paper.

When I say that I was the immediate witness of his seizure, I mean that I was the first on the scene. The thing happened at the Technical college in Gower street. He was alone in the larger laboratory when the thing happened. I was in the smaller room, where the balances are, writing up some notes. The thunderstorm had completely upset my work, of course. It was just after one of the louder peals that I thought I heard some glass smash in the other room. I stopped writing and turned round to listen. For a moment I heard nothing; the hail was playing the devil's tattoo on the corrugated zinc of the roof. Then came another sound, a smash—no doubt of it this time. Something heavy had been knocked off the bench. I jumped up at once and went and opened the door leading into the big laboratory.

I was surprised to hear a queer sort of laugh and saw Davidson standing unsteadily in the middle of the room, with a dazed look on his face. My first impression was that he was drunk. He did not notice me. He was clawing out at something invisible a yard in front of his face. He put out his hand slowly, rather hesitatingly, and then clutched nothing. "What's come to it?" he said. He held up his hands to his face, fingers spread out. "Great Scott!" he said. The thing happened three or four years ago, when every one swore by that personage. Then he began raising his feet clumsily, as though he had expected to find them glued to the floor.

"Davidson!" cried I. "What's the matter with you?" He turned round in my direction and looked about for me. He looked over me and at me and on either side of me without the slightest sign of seeing me. "Waves," he said, "and a remarkably neat schooner. I'd swear that was Bellows' voice. Hullo!" he shouted suddenly at the top of his voice.

I thought he was up to some foolery. Then I saw littered about his feet the shattered remains of the best of our electrometers. "What's up, man?" said I. "You've smashed the electrometer!"

"Bellows again!" said he. "Friends left, if my hands are gone. Something about electrometers. Which way are you, Bellows?" He suddenly came staggering toward me. "The d——d stuff cuts like butter," he said. He walked straight into the bench and recoiled. "None so buttery that!" he said, and stood swaying.

I felt scared. "Davidson," said I, "what on earth's come over you?"

He looked round him in every direction. "I could swear that was Bellows. Why don't you show yourself like a man, Bellows?"

It occurred to me that he must be suddenly struck blind. I walked round the table and laid my hand upon his arm. I never saw a man more startled in my life. He jumped away from me and came round into an attitude of self defense, his face fairly distorted with terror. "Good God!" he cried. "What was that?"

"It's I—Bellows. Confound it, Davidson!"

He jumped when I answered him and stared—how can I express it?—right through me. He began talking, not to me, but to himself. "Here in broad daylight on a clear beach. Not a place to hide in." He looked about him wildly. "Here! I'm off." He suddenly turned and ran headlong into the big electro magnet—so violently that, as we found afterward, he bruised his shoulder and jawbone cruelly. At that he stepped back a pace, and cried out with almost a whimper, "What in heaven's name has come over me?" He stood, blanched with terror and trembling violently, with his right arm clutching his left, where that had collided with the magnet.

By that time I was fairly scared and excited. "Davidson," said I, "don't be afraid."

He was startled at my voice, but not so excessively as before. I repeated my words in as clear and firm a tone as I could assume. "Bellows," he said, "is that you?"

"Can't you see it's me?"

He laughed. "I can't even see it's myself. Where the devil are we?"

"Here," said I, "in the laboratory."

"The laboratory!" he answered in a puzzled tone, and put his hand to his forehead. "I was in the laboratory—till that flash came, but I'm hanged if I'm there now. What ship is that?"

"There's no ship," said I. "Do be sensible, old chap."

"No ship!" he repeated, and seemed to forget my denial forthwith. "I suppose," said he slowly, "we're both dead. But the rummy part is I feel just as though I still had a body. Don't get used to it all at once, I suppose. The old shop was struck by lightning, I suppose. Jolly quick thing, Bellows—eh?"

"Don't talk nonsense. You're very much alive. You are in the laboratory blundering about. You've just smashed a new electrometer. I don't envy you when Boyce arrives."

He started away from me toward the diagrams of cryohydrates. "I must be deaf," said he. "They've fired a gun, for there goes the puff of smoke, and I never heard a sound."

I put my hand on his arm again, and this time he was less alarmed. "We seem to have a sort of invisible bodies," said he. "By Jove! There's a boat coming round the headland! It's very much like the old life, after all—in a different climate."

I shook his arm. "Davidson," I cried, "wake up!"

It was just then that Boyce came in. So soon as he spoke Davidson exclaimed: "Old Boyce! Dead too! What a lark!" I hastened to explain that Davidson was in a kind of somnambulistic trance. Boyce was interested at once. We both did all we could to rouse the fellow out of his extraordinary state. He answered our questions and asked us some of his own, but his attention seemed distracted by his hallucination about a beach and a ship. He kept interpolating observations concerning some boat and the davits and sails filling with the wind. It made one feel queer, in the dusky laboratory, to hear him saying such things.

He was blind and helpless. We had to walk him down the passage, one at each elbow, to Boyce's private room, and while Boyce talked to him there, and humored him about this ship idea, I went along the corridor and asked old Wade to come and look at him. The voice of our dean sobered him a little, but not very much. He asked where his hands were, and why he had to walk about up to his waist in the ground. Wade thought over him a long time—you know how he knits his brows—and then made him feel the couch, guiding his hands to it. "That's a couch," said Wade. "The couch in the private room of Professor Boyce. Horsehair stuffing."

Davidson felt about, and puzzled over it, and answered presently that he could feel it all right, but he couldn't see it.

"What do you see?" asked Wade. Davidson said he could see nothing but a lot of sand and broken up shells. Wade gave him some other things to feel, telling him what they were and watching him keenly.

"The ship is almost hull down," said Davidson presently, apropos of nothing.

"Never mind the ship," said Wade. "Listen to me, Davidson. Do you know what hallucination means?"

"Rather," said Davidson.

"Well, everything you see is hallucinatory."

"Bishop Berkeley," said Davidson.

"Don't mistake me," said Wade. "You are alive, and in this room of Boyce's. But something has happened to your eyes. You cannot see; you can feel and hear, but not see. Do you follow me?"

"It seems to me that I see too much." Davidson rubbed his knuckles into his eyes. "Well?" he said.

"That's all. Don't let it perplex you. Bellows here and I will take you home in a cab."

"Wait a bit." Davidson thought. "Help me to sit down," said he presently, "and now—I'm sorry to trouble you—but will you tell me all that over again?"

Wade repeated it very patiently. Davidson shut his eyes, and pressed his hands upon his forehead. "Yes," said he. "It's quite right. Now my eyes are shut I know you're right. That's you, Bellows, sitting by me on the couch. I'm in England again. And we're in the dark."

Then he opened his eyes. "And there," said he, "is the sun just rising, and the yards of the ship, and a tumbled sea and a couple of birds flying. I never saw anything so real. And I'm sitting up to my neck in a bank of sand."

He bent forward and covered his face with his hands. Then he opened his eyes again. "Dark sea and sunrise! And yet I'm sitting on a sofa in old Boyce's room. God help me!"

That was the beginning. For three weeks this strange affection of Davidson's eyes continued unabated. It was far worse than being blind. He was absolutely helpless, and had to be fed like a newly hatched bird and led about and undressed. If he attempted to move, he fell over things or struck himself against walls or doors. After a day or so he got used to hearing our voices without seeing us, and willingly admitted he was at home and that Wade was right in what he told him. My sister, to whom he was engaged, insisted on coming in to see him, and would sit for hours every day while he talked about this beach of his. Holding her hand seemed to comfort him immensely. He explained that when we left the college and drove home it appeared to him as if we drove right through a sandhill—it was perfectly black until he emerged again—and through rocks and trees and solid obstacles, and when he was taken to his own room it made him giddy and almost frantic with the fear of falling, because going up stairs seemed to lift him 30 or 40 feet above the rocks of his imaginary island. He kept saying he should smash all the eggs. The end was that he had to be taken down to his father's consulting room and laid upon a couch that stood there.

I remember one odd thing, and that was he wanted very badly to smoke. We put a pipe in his hands—he almost poked his eye out with it—and lit it. But he couldn't taste anything. I've since found it's the same with me—I don't know if it's the usual case—that I cannot enjoy tobacco at all unless I can see the smoke.

He described the island as being a bleak kind of place on the whole, with very little vegetation, except some peaty stuff and a lot of bare rock. There were multitudes of penguins, and they made the rocks white and disagreeable to see. The sea was often rough and once there was a thunderstorm, and he lay and shouted at the silent flashes. Once or twice seals pulled upon the beach, but only on the first two or three days. He said it was very funny the way in which the penguins used to waddle right through him, and how he seemed to lie among them without disturbing them.

But the queerest part of his vision came when Wade sent him out in a bath chair to get fresh air. The Davidsons hired a chair and got that deaf and obstinate dependent of theirs, Widgery, to attend to it. My sister met them in the lower town, Widgery trotting along complacently, and Davidson evidently most distressed, trying in his feeble, blind way to attract Widgery's attention.

He positively wept when my sister spoke to him. "Oh, get me out of this horrible darkness!" he said, feeling for her hand. "I must get out of it, or I shall die." He was quite incapable of explaining what was the matter, but my sister decided he must go home, and presently, as they went up the hill, the horror seemed to drop from him. He said it was good to see the stars again, though it was then about noon and a blazing day.

"It seemed," he told me afterward, "as if I was being carried irresistibly toward the water. I was not very much alarmed at first. Of course, it was night there—a lovely night."

"Of course?" I asked, for that struck me as odd.

"Of course," said he. "It's always night there when it is day here. Well, we went right into the water, which was calm and shining under the moonlight—just a broad swell that seemed to grow broader and flatter as I came down into it. The surface glistened just like a skin—it might have been empty space underneath for all I could tell to the contrary. Very slowly, for I rode slanting into it, the water crept up to my eyes. Then I went under and the skin seemed to break and heal again about my eyes. The moon gave a jump up in the sky and grew green and dim, and fish, faintly glowing, came darting round me, and things that seemed made of luminous glass, and I passed through a tangle of seaweeds that shone with an oily luster. And so I drove down into the sea, and the stars went out one by one and the moon grew greener and darker and the seaweed became a luminous purple red. It was all very faint and mysterious and everything seemed to quiver. And all the while I could hear the wheels of the bathchair creaking and the footsteps of people going by and a man with a bell crying coals.

"I kept sinking down deeper and deeper into the water. It became inky black about me, not a ray from above came down into that darkness, and the phosphorescent things grew brighter and brighter. The snaky branches of the deeper weeds flickered like the flames of spirit lamps, but after a time there were no more weeds. The fishes came staring and gaping toward me and into me and through me. I never imagined such fishes before. They had lines of fire along the sides of them, as though they had been outlined with a luminous pencil. And there was a ghastly thing swimming backward with a lot of twining arms.

"And then I saw, coming very slowly toward me through the gloom, a hazy mass of light that resolved itself as it drew nearer into multitudes of fishes, struggling and darting round something that drifted. I drove on straight toward it, and presently I saw in the midst of the tumult, and by the light of the fish, a bit of splintered spar looming over me and a dark hull tilting over and some glowing phosphorescent forms that were shaken and writhed as the fish bit at them. Then it was I began to try to attract Widgery's attention. A horror came upon me. Ugh! I should have driven right into those half eaten—things. If your sister had not come! They had great holes in them, Bellows, and—never mind. But it was ghastly!"

For three weeks Davidson remained in this singular state, seeing what at the time we imagined was an altogether phantasmal world, and stone blind to the world around him. Then, one Tuesday, when I called, I met old Davidson in the passage. "He can see his thumb!" the old gentleman said, in a perfect transport. He was struggling into his overcoat. "He can see his thumb, Bellows!" he said, with the tears in his eyes. "The lad will be all right yet."

I rushed in to Davidson. He was holding up a little book before his face and looking at it and laughing in a weak kind of way.

"It's amazing," said he. "There's a kind of patch come there." He pointed with his finger. "I'm on the rocks, as usual, and the penguins are staggering and flapping about as usual, and there's been a whale showing every now and then, but it's got too dark now to make him out. But put something there, and I see it—I do see it. It's very dim and broken in places, but I see it all the same, like a faint specter of itself. I found it out this morning while they were dressing me. It's like a hole in this infernal phantom world. Just put your hand by mine. No—not there. Ah, yes! I see it. The base of your thumb and a bit of cuff! It looks like the ghost of a bit of your hand sticking out of the darkling sky. Just by it there's a group of stars like a cross coming out."

At first he was unfeignedly glad and seemed only too anxious to complete his cure by taking exercise and tonics. But as that odd island of his began to fade away from him he became queerly interested in it. He wanted particularly to go down into the deep sea again, and would spend half his time wandering about the lower town, trying to find the water logged wreck he had seen drifting. The glare of real daylight very soon impressed him so vividly as to blot out everything of his shadowy world, but in the nighttime, in a darkened room, he could still see the white splashed rocks of the island and the clumsy penguins staggering to and fro. But even these grew fainter and fainter, and at last, soon after he married my sister, he saw them for the last time.

And now to tell of the queerest thing of all. About two years after his cure I dined with the Davidsons, and after dinner a man named Atkins called in. He is a lieutenant in the royal navy, and a pleasant, talkative man. He was on friendly terms with my brother-in-law, and was soon on friendly terms with me. It came out that he was engaged to Davidson's cousin and incidentally he took out a kind of pocket photograph case to show us a new rendering of his fiancee. "And, by the way," said he, "here's the old Fulmar."

Davidson looked at it casually. Then suddenly his face lit up. "Good heavens!" said he. "I could almost swear"—

"What?" said Atkins.

"That I had seen that ship before."

"Don't see how you can have. She hasn't been out of the South seas for six years, and before then"—

"But," began Davidson, and then: "Yes. That's the ship I dreamed of. I'm sure that's the ship I dreamed of. She was standing off an island that swarmed with penguins and she fired a gun."

"Good Lord!" said Atkins. "How the deuce could you dream that?"

And then, bit by bit, it came out that on the very day Davidson was seized H. M. S. Fulmar had actually been off a little rock to the south of Antipodes island. A boat had landed overnight to get penguins' eggs, had been delayed, and a thunderstorm drifting up the boat's crew had waited until the morning before rejoining the ship. Atkins had been one of them, and he corroborated, word for word, the descriptions Davidson had given of the island and the boat. There is not the slightest doubt in any of our minds that Davidson had really seen the place. In some unaccountable way, while he moved hither and thither in London, his sight moved hither and thither in a manner that corresponded about this distant island. How is absolutely a mystery.

That completes the remarkable story of Davidson's eyes. It's perhaps the best authenticated case in existence of a real vision at a distance. Explanation? There is none forthcoming, except what Professor Wade has thrown out. But this explanation invokes the fourth dimension and a dissertation on theoretical kinds of space. To talk of there being "a kink in space" seems mere nonsense to me; it may be because I am no mathematician. When I said that nothing would alter the fact that the place is 8,000 miles away, he answered that two points might be a yard away on a sheet of paper and yet be brought together by bending the paper round.—English Illustrated Magazine.

Working In Powder Mills.

Apart from the danger of explosions, which, by the way, are less frequent than is generally supposed, gunpowder mills are exceedingly healthful places. Such a thing as a workman dying of consumption is unheard of, the explanation being that the constant breathing into the lungs of dust containing charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter is beneficial to them. As to the death rate in powder mills, the popular ideas are much exaggerated, the average freight yard being vastly more fatal than they. Statistics show that from the beginning of this century, when the Du Pont powder mills were established, up to the present year, there has been an average of not quite one death a year from accidents or explosions.

As among the employers, so among the men, fear is almost unknown, the black faced fellows shoveling the gunpowder about as if it were coal and walking through it knee deep, as they would through so much flour. They are perfectly happy, these stolid Irishmen, who go on risking their lives year after year for about the same wages as are paid in less dangerous employments—that is, $40 or $50 a month. And yet they are exceedingly superstitious, it being not uncommon for a man to throw up his job because he has had a warning or his wife has dreamed of a white horse. There are various dreams understood by powder men to foretell an accident or an explosion, and it is very difficult, often impossible, to get a man who has had one of these to go near the works.—McClure's Magazine.

The New York Young Man.

On Sunday morning the west side of Fifth avenue is thronged with church parade. There one sees in all his splendor the New York young man. Somehow, notwithstanding all his efforts to be English, he never quite effects it. Either his hat is too curly, his coat too long, or his trousers overpressed. He looks like an advertisement for a fashionable Manchester tailor, and represents the wide difference between gentlemanly and a gentleman. My impression is, by the way, they will never be able to produce the breed of American gentlemen until they manage to buy up and transplant an English public school, with all its traditions and style. At present the gilded youth here seem to be in the transition stage between the cowboy and the masher; they talk very low, between their teeth; they call each other "old man," and describe the theatre last night as the "rottenest show," but next minute out leaps the cowboy, either in manners or talk, and the temporary illusion is gone.—Temple Bar.

A Queer Recipe.

In an old black letter translation of Albertus Magnus the donkey figures in the following extraordinary recipe: "Take an Adder's skyn, and Auri pigmentum, and greeke pitch of Reupritticum, and the waxe of newe Bees, and the fat or greasn of an Asse, and breake them all, and put them all in a dull seething pot full of water, and make it to seeth at a glowe fire, and after let it waxe cold, and make a taper, and every man that shall see light of it shall seeme headless."—Gentleman's Magazine.

ASTRONOMY CLASS.

A PROBLEM THAT THE STAR SHARPS ARE TRYING TO SOLVE.

The Nearest Fixed Star—The Distance Billions of Miles—So Far Away Its Location Can Be Appreciated Only by Comparison With Known Distances.

An interesting discussion took place recently in Paris at a meeting of scientists as to the distance of the nearest fixed star. A number of astronomers had been asked to make observations of a certain star, and then to report the result of these observations to the meeting.

It was discovered that no two calculations agreed, but the astronomers departed with feelings of great satisfaction, for in no case was the difference between any two results greater than 20,000,000,000 miles.

There are eight planets moving about the sun, of which the earth is one, and astronomers have calculated, with very little chance of error, the distance of these bodies from each other and from the sun. The various results can be conveniently recorded in miles.

But when we come to the fixed stars, which are themselves suns, many of them far larger and brighter and hotter than our own sun, and around every one of which it is not improbable that a family of planets is moving, the task of computing distance is far more difficult. The abyss of space that separates us from our nearest stellar neighbor is so enormous that the human mind cannot even form the slightest conception of it. Even astronomers, who are suspected by some of possessing minds of more than human capabilities, confess that this distance cannot be adequately represented in terms of miles.

Nor is the ordinary astronomical unit, or distance of the sun from the earth, sufficiently large to be convenient in expressing the distance of the stars—that is, if we attempt to denote the distance of the nearest fixed star by stating that it is "so many times the distance of the earth from the sun," it is found that this unit is entirely too small to be used with convenience, though it measures 93,000,000 miles.

Experience has shown that it is more satisfactory to take as a unit the distance that light travels in a year, which is about 63,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun. Thus, if we say a particular star is at a distance of ten light years we mean that it is so far away that it will take ten years for its light to reach us, supposing it to have just sprung into existence.

It is curious to think that such comparatively insignificant creatures as human beings, inhabiting a fifth rate planet, revolving around a third rate sun, should be able to compute with any degree of accuracy the enormous distance of any one of these stars. The magnitudes are so great that the ordinary mind can comprehend them only when they are represented by some illustrative comparison. This may be done as follows:

If we select any flat surface, such as a level field, and place on it a globe 2 feet in diameter we may consider this the sun. Mercury, which is the nearest planet to the sun as well as the smallest of all the planets, will be represented by a grain of mustard seed at a distance of 82 feet. Venus will be indicated by a small pea at a distance of 142 feet from the aforesaid globe. The earth will be a slightly larger pea 215 feet from the globe. Mars will become a rather large pinhead at a distance of 327 feet from the central body. Jupiter, the largest of all the planets—in fact, larger than all the others put together—will assume the respectable dimensions of a moderate sized orange nearly a quarter of a mile from the globe. Saturn, the beautiful ringed planet, will be represented by a small orange two-fifths of a mile from the mock sun. Uranus will be a full sized cherry or a small plum three-fourths of a mile from the same object. Neptune, the most remote of all the planets, so far as known, will be fairly indicated by a good sized plum at a distance of 1¼ miles.

If, however, we attempt on the same scale to indicate the distance of the nearest fixed star, we impose a heavy task on our power of imagination. For such a star would be represented by another globe, about 2 feet in diameter, at a distance of 8,000 miles—in other words, at the antipodes, at the other side of the earth, on the end of a line drawn through the earth's center from the globe representing the sun.

In 1838 Bessel succeeded in demonstrating and measuring the parallax of the star known as 61 Cygni, and then, by a protracted series of calculations, in determining the distance of this star as 60,000,000,000 miles. This announcement created a great sensation in the scientific world, and the fortunate Bessel was loaded with congratulations and medals of honor. Then Struve published the results of his observations of the same star, in which he located it at not less than 40,000,000,000 miles. Curiously enough this announcement was received as a confirmation of Bessel's discovery. A matter of 20,000,000,000 miles was a trifle.

However, one star is known to be nearer than 61 Cygni. This is the star known as Alpha Centauri, which is situated in the left foot of the constellation of the Centaur in the southern heavens. It is never visible in northern latitudes, and its distance is about 35,000,000,000 miles. This distance is represented in terms of light years, as explained above, by 3.6—that is to say, if this star should suddenly spring into existence from nothingness we should know nothing about it until nearly four years had passed.—New York World.

His Escort.

"It seems funny," says the Manayunk philosopher, "that a boy can go to Sunday school alone, but it usually takes a father and mother, a grandmother and a couple of aunts to take him to the circus."—Philadelphia Record.

THE MARINE COMPASS.

The Reason Why It Varies During Thunderstorms and In Fogs.

Apparently the compass is a simple instrument, a needle of steel suspended on a pivot, the needle magnetized either by a magnet or battery, so that its points are attracted north and south. What attracts and determines the position of the needle, whether it be currents of electricity from north and south passing round the earth, or, as vulgar sea knowledge has it, the north pole, scientists yet are in doubt. Of course every school child knows that the compass is useless as it approaches the north pole, the dip is so great, although instruments have been made for the use of vessels destined for voyages of discovery. But this commercial age requires that all things should be practical.

The modern steel and iron vessels have made it a necessity that there should be some test for the compass. In fact, upon an iron vessel the compass is useless unless the local attraction of the iron in the vessel can be neutralized or counteracted. This is done by placing small magnets in the pilothouse, which can only be done correctly by swinging the vessel exactly north and south, then by small magnets overcome the local attraction, until the needle of the compass is correct. There the danger begins. In a month or so the magnets lose part of their power; the iron of the vessel absorbs it. The consequence is that the vessel is in danger. Another thing, a dense fog will neutralize or rather weaken the magnetic power of the needle of the compass, so if there be the least friction in the pivot the needle swings upon, the compass is faulty and the vessel is ashore. It is a singular, unexplained fact that coming to and passing the straits of Mackinac the local attraction of the shore is such that the compass cannot be depended upon for safe navigation. Many a vessel might be saved, if in a fog, by placing a compass at the masthead and "con" the course by the call of the man placed there to observe it. If the ship is near the shore, say within one mile, the needle of the compass will be deflected one-fourth of a point; the shore attracts it. A thunderstorm will change the poles of the compass at times, and summer lightning or any electric disturbance will make a difference. In the fall a brilliant display of the northern lights (aurora borealis) will play hob with your compass. Sometimes the point, especially in the spirit compass, may become very blunt (it is made of brass) and the compass cord will hang. It is a good plan for every captain navigating the lakes to test his compass. Take a piece of steel or a long knife, chisel or file; apply it opposite the north pole of the compass and gradually try to pull the needle either way. If after releasing the needle from the influence of the article used it swings back and points to the north, the compass is correct—that is, if the needle is placed right on the card.

But when within a mile or more of the shore the lead is the instrument to be depended upon. I venture to say that every shipmaster will tell you that at times the compass has its moods. But when we take into consideration the many surrounding influences that in our modern iron ship bear upon the efficiency of the compass we wonder there are not more errors.—E. R. P. Shurly in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Prehistoric Archæology.

In The Popular Science Monthly Professor Frederick Starr describes archæology in Denmark. Prehistoric archæology has been, thanks to Thomsen, Worsaae, Muller, Madsen and others, carefully studied in this northern country. Perhaps nowhere else have finds been more numerous. It is important to note that in Denmark there is no paleolithic, or rough stone period. After the retreat of the ice of the glacial period, man seems to have at once set to work. Kitchen middens or refuse heaps abound. Among the mammalian remains the bones of the dog are common. Worsaae estimates that these refuse heaps would date back from 3,000 to 2,000 B. C. Since they were formed there have been important changes in the geography, fauna and flora of Denmark.

The oysters of the Baltic no longer exist, and peats now take place of the coniferous forests. One highly entertaining piece of work of a practical character has been carried out in Denmark. On an estate had been found a large quantity of stone implements in excellent preservation. A nobleman on whose grounds these stone tools were discovered has had a small wooden house built at Broholm, in Funen, for the exhibition of these relics of, say, 4,000 years ago. In erecting the house the carpenters used no other tools than the old stone ones.

The Psychic Fad.

Now that hypnotism is in the air, our conversation books will have to be remodeled, as thus:

Good morning. Have you hibernated well?

Yes, I had a most successful trance last winter. Have you laid up at all?

Only for a few days at Christmas, just to escape the bills.

Well, you take my advice, old man, and rent a private catacomb on the three years' system. It comes much cheaper in the end, and you save all your coal and gas, to say nothing of clothes.

We've started a Nirvana club in our neighborhood on the tontine principle. The last person who wakes gets the prize, unless the first who comes to makes off with it.

It is capital, any way, when you are taking a tour. Saves all the trouble of sightseeing. You are just packed up and forwarded from place to place, with an automatic kodak which records everything you visited. Try it!

Will, some day. By Jove, I must be off! I've got to attend an anæsthetic concert, absolutely painless.

And I've got a mesmeric dinner party on tonight. All the bores will be put in glass cases and fed mechanically.

Goodby, then. Sleep well!—London Punch

A BACHELOR MAID.

Once there lived a bachelor maiden,
Years and years ago (!),
And her mind with truth was laden,
But her heart was cold as snow.
For she thought, with good old Plato,
She could live alone.
So she smiled on many a suitor,
But her heart was hard as stone.

Came a bachelor man a-suing
For her friendship true.
This, alas, was her undoing,
As it might have been with you.
For her friendship still he sued her—
Such a simple thing—
Till before she knew he wooed her,
Wooed her with a friendship ring.

Now, although she's fond of Plato,
Her cold heart's grown warm,
And her theories of living
Have imbibed a wondrous charm,
For she says: "'Tis human nature,
Spite of Plato's pen,
Men were made for loving women,
Women made for loving men."
—Mary W. Slatter in Kate Field's Washington.

BUYING SOCIAL POLISH.

An English Couple Who Instruct In the Art of Being Fine.

A new profession for "gentlefolk" has been discovered in London by two impecunious members of the class. They have discovered that there is a livelihood to be obtained by "polishing off" the nouveaux riches and others whose manners "have not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." They are a well born, well bred married couple who are still sufficiently young to be adaptable. They have been used to the ways of the leisure class, and they are clever enough to teach them. Anything from the cure of the cockney accent to the proper way to entertain a duke is taught for a "consideration."

The wife describes her share of the work thus: "I generally," she says, "undertake to engage the services of all specialists, such as superior maids, who know what is what and can give judicious and useful hints to their mistress; also manicurists, teachers of deportment and sometimes teachers of elocution. I have cured one very bad case of mere outward vulgarity in three weeks for 10 guineas, and I have corrected a cockney accent in three mornings for 3 guineas, while, on the other hand, a certain city man, who never aspired to anything better than heavy British dinners, Fridays to Mondays at Brighton, and Mansion House balls until he married the daughter of a west end restaurant manager—she knew nothing of life beyond her own narrow sphere—gave us carte blanche to make 'fine folks' of them.

"Not much could be done for him beyond keeping him quiet, but she lent herself to our process. Now they have a very pretty place in Hampshire and entertain some rather nice people in the summer. We ourselves received 100 guineas for our advice, but the husband must have spent over 35,000 in adopting our hints as to mode of living, and he tells us that what he has got for it is worth double as much."—Philadelphia Press.

May and Matrimony.

The pagans had a myth that "only bad women marry in May." They had another, that if the marriage did take place the couple would live most unhappily, and children born of the marriage—if it was not hopelessly rendered barren by thus slapping the fates in the face—would be deformed or imbecile. With prizes like that in prospect, it is not much wonder that the ignorant and superstitious taboo May marriages, but there is no excuse yet for this idiosyncrasy of thinking people—at least, no sensible one.

Ovid was a firm believer in the superstition and said that no widow or young girl would marry in May unless she wished to invite the displeasure of the gods, and that the imprudent woman who braved their wrath would fill an early grave. Ovid pinned his faith to rosy June, the birth month of June, and when he got ready to launch his daughter on the matrimonial sea he studied the stars and all the superstitions to make sure that he would not run upon Scylla in steering off Charybdis.

Resolved to match the girl, he tried to find
What days unpropserous were, what moons were kind.
After June's sacred idea his fancy strayed—
Good to the man and happy to the maid.

Better One Way.

In North Carolina lately a case was tried in which the defendant's character having been impeached, it was sought to bolster it up by showing he had reformed and joined the church. The witness, who belonged to the same church, insisted that as the defendant was now a Christian man of course his character was better. Counsel asked him, "Doesn't he drink just as much as he ever did?" The witness, who was colored and evidently embarrassed by the inquiry, slowly raised his eyes and said with much deliberation, "I think he do, but he carries it more better."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Calomel.

Calomel was discovered by Crollius in the seventeenth century, and the first directions for its preparation were given by Beguin in 1608. Its name is derived from two Greek words, signifying "a beautiful black," because in its preparation a black powder is the first step in the manufacture, being produced by rubbing mercury together with corrosive sublimate.

The Illinois river was so termed from the Illini, a tribe of Indians on its banks. Another derivation is suggested in Isle aux Noix, island of Nuts. Several derivations more or less fanciful are suggested by the etymologists and geographers.

The frequency of storms in Nebraska is due to the fact that not only do many originate there, but the storms of Dakota move southeast, and those of Kansas and Texas northeast, generally passing through Nebraska on their easterly course.

"Facts are stubborn things" is an aphorism first enumerated by La Sage in "Gil Blas." It has since become proverbial.

THE DRIVER HAD A MATCH.

And the Passenger Had a Cigar, In Fact Several of Them.

A prosperous looking business man boarded the front platform of a cross-town car, and drawing a well filled cigar case from his pocket selected a choice looking Havana. The driver "sized up" the man and the cigar case, and his mouth began to water. The smoker, after biting off the end of his cigar, began fumbling for a match. Failing to find one, he turned to the driver and asked him if he had a match.

"Yes, sir," responded the driver, with alacrity. "Here you are, sir."

"Thank you," said the business man, lighting his cigar and sending the fragrant smoke wafting across the driver's face.

"Very convenient to have matches around, sir. I allers makes a point of carrying 'em."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; so many gentlemen pull out a cigar, and then find they ain't got a match."

Puff, puff and silence.

"I am quite a smoker myself. 'Course I can't smoke on the car, but then I enjoy it all the more when I get off."

"I suppose so," said the smoker absentmindedly.

"Many gentlemen makes a point of giving me a cigar, especially when they rides reg'lar. I ain't had my after dinner smoke yet."

"Oh," said the business man in a preoccupied manner.

"Yes, sir; I allers carry matches, as I said before, 'cause when a gentleman has a cigar and no light he allus seems so thankful for it. Generally gives me a cigar too. Seems kinder fair to exchange a cigar for a match, 'cause the weed ain't no good without a light."

"Ah," said the smoker, evidently busy in his mind with something connected with business.

The driver looked despairingly at him and after clearing his throat said:

"You don't happen to have another cigar in your pocket, do you, sir?"

"Certainly I have—two or three," said the business man testily. "But what has that to do with what you have been talking about?"

The rest of the journey was made in silence.—New York Tribune.

SONG BIRDS.

Something About the Feathered Warblers of Different Countries.

India has the joocoe bulbuls, often called nightingales from their remarkably sweet voices. The Hindoos train them to sit on their hands and be carried about the bazaars. The black faced thrush is a very fine songster and can imitate almost everything he hears.

The white eyebrowed or spectacled laughing thrush has a loud, powerful song and some melodious notes. He is sometimes called the greater Peking nightingale or Japanese mocking bird.

The Japanese robin is a pretty bird to look at, and very lively in his motions, but is overrated as a singer, his notes resembling our Baltimore oriole's, only shriller, with little variation.

Australia has the piping crow, which is more of a shrike than a true crow. His song is rich and varied, the notes resembling a flute. He can be taught to speak and imitate many birds as well.

From Africa are shipped large numbers of little birds to this country called African singing finches. The plumage is handsome and often very odd. They lack voice, only one, the strawberry finch, having a song of any power. They are cunning, however, and pretty to have in an aviary. A gentleman in New York has an aviary cage containing some 35 varieties of small birds, and among them many African finches. As one of the canaries sings a small finch will fly to his side, and placing his head against the singer's breast listen closely until the canary drives him away.

A weaver bird with a thick red bill, in this same happy family, will take all the threads given him and weave a close network down the side of the cage and out on the perches. His owner says that if he would give him enough material the bird would weave until he shut out the daylight.—Philadelphia Times.

Wonders of Minute Animal Life.

The following, which might very appropriately bear the heading of "A Wonder of Wonders," is from the pen of Sir Robert S. Ball, F. R. S., astronomer royal of Ireland: "The microscope teaches us that there are animals so wonderfully minute that if a thousand of them were ranked abreast they could easily swim, without being thrown out of order, through the eye of the finest cambric needle ever made. Yet each of the minute creatures is a highly organized number of particles, capable of moving about, of finding and devouring food and of behaving in all respects as becomes an animal as distinguished from a fragment of unorganized matter." The human mind is utterly incapable of realizing the structure of these little creatures and of fully appreciating their marvelous adaptation to the life they are destined to lead.

The Secret of French Cooking.

The gentle heat is said to be the secret of the superior delicacy and richness of French cooking. With a gentle heat and tight covers we may have just the amount of juice we like in our vegetables. A glance will decide this, or perhaps the ear, if the hand at the same time rests on the cover. Many kinds of meat may be cooked in this way to the best advantage. A rump steak, three or four inches thick, kept closely covered and cooked in its own juices alone, will be far more tender than when put into the oven, and this without basting and without fat, the latter having been trimmed off closely.—New York World.

The Duke of Marlborough had a voice that, it was said, could be heard above the roar of artillery.

The Chinese make candies of a vegetable wax, the product of the candleberry tree.

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Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 206, 139 Randolph st; T A Becket, V-P; Michael Tuohy, Rec Sec, 142½ Jackson st; Wm Territt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 706 31st st; Peter F Redigen, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2926 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

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Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3673 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 338 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2703 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J F Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 466 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Ancnor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 6367 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 6226 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2201 Archer av; T J Maney, V-P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2201 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2956 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 3320 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5816 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4344 Lanin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3222 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Cassin, R S, 91 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2439 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2201 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4636 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 558, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1323, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Beelan, Pres., 10810 Calhoun av; F C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 33—Patrick P Holden, Pres, 339 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5457 Lake av; Barney Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dockey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6138 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Meinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 63d st.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, J J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

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St Nicholas No 20—Peter Boeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umbofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4259 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Larlin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, J E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 138 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 139 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 28 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 9 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Gouway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nesen, 78 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Sick Diener, 525 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krtuge; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienko. Meet 3d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2304 Keeldle av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3723 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cleare court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 in Rauh's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scunaltt; T, L H Schnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2080 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boufard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2201 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorney. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 232 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helimuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in e

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 262 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED.
MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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ESTATE OF OWEN GAUGHAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Owen Gaughan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1895, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 30, 1895.

THOMAS J. BOWAN, Administrator.

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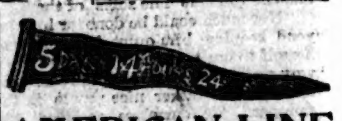

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